The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES — SPIRIT OF THE — LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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SHOOTING.

My pointers *stand;*
How beautiful they look! with outstretch'd tails,
With heads immoveable, and eyes fast fixed,
One fore-leg raised and bent—the other firm,
Advancing forward, presses on the ground.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.—The best time for this version is from two hours after sunrise until eleven o'clock; and from half-past three o'clock until it is dark. When the weather is very dry, especially at the beginning of the season, as soon as the sun becomes very powerful, the scent is dissipated, and the dog's abilities are put to the test to no purpose. In the middle of the day, partridges cease to feed or run, and place themselves by the side of some sun-bank in order to bask.

Such is the impatience of sportsmen that they rally forth, and commence operations generally before they can well discern the flight of the bird; yet rarely happens that much execution is done in this very early part of the morning; and the writer has a perfect conviction, that if the sportsman would prevail upon himself to wait till eight o'clock, at his day's diversion would be much more satisfactory; he would experience much less fatigue; and nineteen times out of twenty, would bag more birds.—Game, either from the empty state of the stomach, or some other reason, is not easy to approach at a very early period of the morning, though a few hours afterwards, it will lie as well as possible. When birds are driven from their ground, as usual haunts, early in the morning, (at four or five o'clock, for instance,) the ground should be visited again sometime afterwards, as the birds are sure to go back. A sportsman who goes over a certain extent of country at four or five o'clock in the morning, may perhaps not bag a bird; another, following the same track, at eight or nine o'clock, will very likely to experience good diversion.

In general partridges have their separate feeding and sleeping places; but it frequently happens, that they remain all day or all night where they fed the preceding evening or morning; yet it must be of rather rare occurrence that they change their ground. At day-break, they quit their sleeping place; they run, and then afterwards *call;* and, when collected, generally take their flight to the stubbles, which, if high and thick enough to afford them shelter, will most likely induce them to remain there for some time; however, in dry weather in particular, they are frequently to be found at this time among potatoes and turnips. As soon as the sun becomes very powerful, or towards ten or eleven o'clock, they place themselves on the south side of some bank or eminence, to bask, where they will remain for several hours, if undisturbed. They seek the potatoes and turnips, towards three o'clock, or perhaps earlier; and in the stubbles again in the evening, afterwards to feed, and seek the place where they intend to remain for the night. When partridges are calling, they seldom lie well; or in other words, they will not admit the sportsman to approach within gun shot. The secret of shooting may be easily explained, as it is comprised merely in *coolness* and *deliberation;* these, however, are not so easily attained, as the superficial observer might be led to suppose. A friend of mine, who has followed this diversion for forty years, still continues a very indifferent shot: the rise of a covey never fails to dissipate his nervious mental resolves, and he has, nineteen times out of twenty, the mortification of seeing the game go away untouched.; but it must be observed, that, to say nothing of his firing too soon, he has contracted a habit which must forever preclude any thing like certainty in shooting:—no sooner does his finger touch the trigger, than he *shuts both his eyes!* And yet, though conscious of this preposterous defect, and aware that if a bird fall from his gun, it is merely the effect of accident, should he be shooting in company, and happen to fire at the same time as his companion, he will not fail to claim the merit of having *killed the bird:* indeed, to judge from his conversation over the bottle, a stranger would suppose, that, as a shot he was equal to Sir John Sheily. I have seldom met with a dog that shot who was not extremely anxious to be thought otherwise; and who would not, in his cups, relate, with much self-satisfaction and infinite glee, hundred shooting exploits which never had existence but in his own prolific brain.

The moment the light of the morning will enable a young shooter to discern the flight of a partridge he is impatient to rush to the scene of action, and all uneasy eagerness—while his more experienced companion finishes his breakfast. The resort of a covey or two is previously known; the sportsman, therefore, direct their steps to an appointed spot, where the dogs come quickly to a point. The shooters advance—the tyro with trepid eagerness and a palpitating heart;—his veteran companion with philosophic coolness. They arrive at the appointed spot abreast of the foremost dog, and for a few seconds, in almost breathless anxiety, nearly shaked with expectation, the tyro expects the game to spring;—the covey rises with screams and confusion, and, at the same instant, the tyro's gun ineffectually discharged—while his companion, deliberately selecting his object, with one eye shut, and the other steadily directed down the barrel, the gun no sooner appears at the end, than the trigger is drawn, and the partridge falls.

Full of the expected sport, my heart beats high,
And, with impatient step, I haste to reach
The stubbles, where the scattered oats afford
A sweet repast to the yet heedless game:
How my brave dogs o'er the broad furrows bound,
Quartering their ground exactly. Ah! that point
Answers my eager hope, and fills my breast
With joy unspeakable. How close they lie!
Whist to the spot, with steady pace, I bend:
Now from the ground, with noisy wing, they burst,
And dart away. My victim singled out,
In his aerial course falls short, nor skims
The adjoining hedge, o'er which the rest unhurt
Have passed.

Sportsmen are occasionally to be met with, who, taking aim—use both eyes; and others again will be found who declare that they look directly at the bird, regardless of running their eye down the barrel of the fowling piece; but we are of opinion that it scarcely possible to become an expert or dead shot, without closing one eye and taking a deliberate aim down the gun barrel with the other. At all events, we recommend this plan in preference to all other modes; though we are aware that practice will do much in any way; and that good shots may be met with who adopt a different mode.—*Sportsman's Cyclopedia.*

A TURKISH FABLE.

Grand Seignor caused his Vizier's arm to be cut off, and proclaimed that the arm should be hung up, and whoever caught it falling should succeed in the Vizier's place; but upon terms to be rewarded the same sauce at a year's end. When the day was come together to catch his arm, one man indulged at and devoureth than the rest, caught it—he was Vizier: and at the year's end, his arm was cut off, and thrown up as before, and himself with his left arm caught it again; and thus second year his left arm was cut off and hung up, and he caught it with his mouth. This is now what men will suffer to gain a preference over others.

ees at the Steak.—A singular prosecution for cruelty lately took place at a country town in England. A girl by the name of *Rebecca Nun* was prosecuted by a reforming butcher, for robbing him of *a steak,* valued at one shilling. Pending the trial the amorous butcher offered to withdraw the case would accept *his* suit. A butcher or Barclay—grease or plants. She accepted the for and went to the altar, gaily singing, "*I go a Nun.*"

New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

TROTTING.

Centreville Course.—A match,—or at least what was intended to be a match, between Cato and Ploughboy came off on the Centreville Course, L. I., last Saturday, but miserably disappointed all those who were induced to walk their two legged trotters or drive their four legged ones over the sandy roads of Long Island, in the vain expectation of seeing a match. "Cato" went in harness and "Ploughboy" under the saddle, but it was very evident that the owners of Trotting Horses do not all understand the old adage—ne sutor ultra crepidam—which evidently signified in this instance,—let not the Ploughboy go beyond the horse. He is swift for half a mile, but beyond that there is no go in him, and he stands not the shadow of a chance even with a second rate horse as was evident by his miserable trotting,—for though Cato broke repeatedly and otherwise exhibited very bad going for him, leaving a gap of some two hundred yards, yet in the straight stretch he dashed by him like a flash past the rolling clouds, and won the first mile heat in 2 53—which is very first rate time—for an omnibus! In the second heat Cato suffered him to keep the lead gently till he came to the last quarter when he darted past hard in hand in 2 52. The odds generally betted were two to one on Cato, and some considerable number of the "Ploughboy's" friends got let in for it.

Harlaem Park.—The Buggy which was announced to be trotted for on the 4th July was reserved for some future occasion when some first rate horses shall be entered. In its stead a purse of $25 was made up to be trotted for which J. De Graw's sorrel horse, and Whelpley's gray, contended for in heats of 2 miles. The sorrel won the first in 5 40 and the gray took the last two heats.

A very likely match is made up for the Centreville Course on Thursday next the 11th inst. between Cato and Rolla, who beat "Rough-and tumble!" to go as they please,—2 mile heats—carry catch—Cato giving Rolla a hundred yards each heat, coming out. This is truly an odd sort of match but is likely to prove amusing.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF A HORSE AND RIDER.

The following very singular circumstances are related of a celebrated running Mare, called "Sweeping Tail," and deemed the swiftest in the world, of her day. She was bred by the late Joseph John Alston, Esqr. of Halifax Co. N. C., and these particulars are given on the authority of his son, the Hon. Willis Alston, late member of Congress. At the battle of "Briar Creek" in Georgia, during the Revolutionary War, "Sweeping Tail," and her gallant owner, were taken prisoners by the enemy under the command of Lord Cornwallis. But though he had no notion of *running away* himself, he was too much a "True Whig" to permit so swift a mare to fall into the hands of his enemies to enable one of them to do so, if he could help it, and he accordingly tendered four hundred guineas, which he carried in his saddle bags, to any one who would succeed in riding her beyond the British camp.

His offer was immediately accepted, and "Sweeping Tail" mounted by a daring rider set off at full speed,—"swift as the wind." The alarm was instantly given to the troops and the mare and her rider had to run the gauntlet entirely through the British Lines under the incessant fire of musketry. But such was her fleetness that even powder and ball seemed unable to overtake her, and unhurt and untouched by even one of the thousand deadly missiles, they both escaped beyond the limits of the British encampment.

They reached the neighboring forest in safety, but there terminated the successful part of this gallant exploit. For several days they wandered about the swamps and bagoons, where the daring horseman was unable to procure the smallest portion of food, or find his way to safety beyond the Forest's bounds.

While thus employed in hopeless wandering through these interminable swamps, a scouting party of the British surprised and surrounded them, and after another vain effort to escape by the speed of the noble beast he rode, they were both conducted back to the very camp from which they so lately made their bold and daring flight.

Lord Cornwallis was so delighted at being put in possession of this swift and celebrated Mare, that he liberally rewarded the whole party that had effected her capture, and had her carried in triumph through the town of Halifax, N. C., with a band of music and gay martial trappings. Ever after while she remained in his power, he kept her saddled and bridled and attended by a strong guard, intending to use her as the means of personal safety in case of capture or danger from the formidably increasing power of his American opposers.

The ground-work of these singular particulars was given and vouched for by the relatives of her owner, the late J. J. Alston, Esqr., in North Carolina in the years 1818 and 1826.

SUICIDE OF A HORSE.

The life and adventures of the once celebrated Racer "Black and all Black" would form no bad counterpart to the story of the "Bottle Imp," which through so many chances and changes "returned to plague the giver." "Black and all Black" was purchased by Tucker & Burge in the time of the old Revolutionary War, from Sir P. Skipwith of Prestwood, Va., for 500,000 pounds—(*of Tobacco.*) Shortly after, a detachment of the British army made an attack on that part of the country, and among the spoils of this running fight, was this running horse. Cols. Tarlton and Syncoe who commanded the British troops, held possession of him for some time, until they were attacked and the horse taken from them by the French troops under the command of Lafayette. The French having obtained possession of him, held it for some time, till Mr. Wm. Jones of Prince George Co. Va., decoyed the horse from them and restored him to his rightful owners, Tucker & Burge.

After safely escaping those "moving accidents by flood and field," he put an end to his own changeful life in the following manner. One night while his owners were conveying him to South Carolina for sale, they encamped by the road side, and on retiring to rest very carelessly tied a halter round his neck with a slip knot, and then fastened it to a tree. During the night some cause of alarm occurred,—the horse became frightened and backed. The more he did so, of course, the tighter the halter became, and he put a period to his life by his *own legs*—and fell on the ground quite "black and all black," in face as well as name.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The city of New Orleans is entirely free from cholera. The corner stone of an Episcopal church was laid in Princeton, N. J. on the 4th instant by Bishop Doane. The present population of New York is nearly 230,000. The receipts for water rent in Philadelphia for the present year, amount to $77,567 75. There are already between 7 and 800 visitors at Saratoga springs. There are now living at Lyons Farm a father, mother, and twenty one children, all enjoying good health. (It is to be presumed they live on a very productive soil). At Yaly in Suffolk a blind old lady, (nearly seventy) was lately married to a boy not quite seventeen; the Bride's personal attractions it appears were the only inducements as she was not worth a single sixpence in the world; the ceremony was performed in the work-house. The City Hotel is thoroughly repaired, every vestige of the late conflagration being removed, and even additions made that will add to the comfort of the inmates. Mr. Jennings deserves all praise for his exertions since the hour of the accident alluded to. A thousand persons can be accomodated with dinner at the same time at Holt's Hotel—there are 165 rooms in the house. New York was never so free from vagrants as at present—there are scarcely 12 per week on an average imprisoned for crimes of any magnitude. A young gentleman of Boston has lately walked from that city to South Carolina a distance of 1150 miles in thirty-six days. Twenty three bloody murders, authentic or otherwise, are recorded in the public prints, as having been perpetrated within the last three months. E. K. Avery was hanged in effigy at three several places in Newport on last Sunday Morning. His representatives wore queer spectacles and had labels on their breasts importing that he, the said Ephraim K. Avery was bonafide the murderer of Sarah Maria Cornell. A Physician of Albany declares that city to be *distressingly* healthy. We have the same complaint among the grave diggers of New York. The city of London is at the present day seven and a half miles long, by five broad; two hundred years ago it was little more than a mile in circumference altogether. A fish was lately caught near Cumberland in England, with a gold watch valued at two hundred and fifty dollars, in his stomach. It is computed that if a middle sized man was in proportion as strong as a flea he would be able to move briskly under a weight of five hundred tuns. The old maids of London in proportion to the old bachelors form an average of three to one,—things are not quite in so *singular,* or desperate a condition in our own beloved city. King Otho of Greece is celebrated in many of the English papers, as being the ugliest man in all Christendom,—the "Cab," a penny publication, says he moves his upper instead of his under jaw when he eats. It is likely the King of Belgium will soon abdicate,—some of the Dutch papers seem to say, that the Queen will, whether or no, as she is heartily tired of her liege lord already. The city is fairly overrun with cats, water is in general abominably bad, butter and ginger beer, ditto ditto. We have not had a house burned in New York for the last 24 hours; equally miraculous, the corporation have lately paid some attention to the watering of the streets. The Pope of Rome is a merry chatty, talkative, good natured little old man, takes Scotch "Rappee," prefers "Irish Blackguard," and is very partial to dancing when the amusement is not carried to excess. The interest of one of the advertising columns of the London Times, lately sold for 18000 pounds sterling. The marriage market has been very badly attended for the last week—and a lady in Virginia was lately safely delivered of three fine girls.

BARKING OF DOGS.

Dogs in a state of nature never bark: they simply whine, howl and growl: this explosive noise is only found among those who are domesticated.—Sonnini speaks of the shepherd's dogs in the wilds of Egypt, as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs, which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

IRISH HUMOUR.

Reynolds tells us the following characteristic story of an Irishman endeavoring to get a seat in a box at Garrick's farewell benefit:—

"Though a side-box close to where we sat was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open and an Irish gentleman attempting to make entry, *vi et armis.* "Shut the door, boxkeeper!" loudly cries some of the party. "There's room by the powers!" cried the Irishman who persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row rose and exclaimed. "Turn out that blackguard!" "Oh, and is that your mode, honey?" coolly retorted the Hibernian: "come out my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and *shillaly* you through the lobby. This public insult left the intruder in possession of no alternative; so he rushed out to accept the challeng, when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman jumped into his place, and having deliberately seated himself, he turned round and cried, "*I'll talk to you after the play is over.*"

What's in a Name?—A man who wished to pass one of the barriers of Paris, in 1793, was required to give his name, &c. to the person on duty. "I am Monsieur le Marquis de St. Cyr." "Citizen there are no Monsieurs now." "Very well then, le Marquis de St. Cyr." "You ought to know, citizen, that there are neither nobles, titles, nor Marquisats." "In that case de St. Cyr, if you please." "De is not used now." "Then say simply St. Cyr." "Ah! but all Saints, you know, have been abolished." "Well, if it must be so, write Cyr." "No, citizen, there are no longer any Sires;" (the pronunciation is the same.) Thus, piece by piece, the unfortunate Marquis was stripped by the revolution, till he found himself at the barriers of Paris without a name.

A HOT DAY.

Now the rosy (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapors to surround her, till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with his eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now laborers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses: and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail: and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives, with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence—that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as, "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler,"—or, "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good looking, and the lady in good-humor, she smiles and bites her lips, and says, "Ah! men can talk fast enough;" upon which, the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too, for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and dotes on the repartee all the day after. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles farther to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and men with powdered heads (*especially if thick,*) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up bill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash, and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish in to their cool corners, and say millions of "My eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick walls are burning to the hand; and a green lane, thick set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling on pebble stones," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through the hay-fields, by chance; and the latter say, "Ha done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a frumpish old fellow." Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying, that "the heat is overpowering." Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats let off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and people delight to sliver lettuces in bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin cannisters that lay several stons of dust. Now the watercart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now five fat people in a stage-coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the Author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

A bird of the genus called the Booby, on the 1st inst. in lat. 32 1-2, long. 37, flew on board the brig Uvelina, bound from New Orleans to New York, where she arrived on Sunday last. The fowl had attached to its neck a piece of leather containing the following words:—"Cape Florida bearing W. S. W. dist. 20 miles; I, Booby, took my departure from the ship Plato, Calligan, master, from New-Orleans, bound to Havre; 11 days out; all well. Passengers, Dr. Rigaud, lady, 2 children and servant.—July 1st, 1833." On the reverse side was inscribed—"Mrs. Calligan is well and hearty." It is computed in the Courier, that if the leather letter was correctly dated, the bird must have travelled nearly *four hundred* miles in the course of eight or nine hours.

Courts of Justice among Crows.—Those extraordinary assemblies, which may be called crow-courts, are observed here (in the Feroe Islands) as well as in the Scotch Isles; they collect in great numbers as if they had been all summoned for the occasion. A few of the flock sit with drooping heads; others seem as grave as if they were judges, and some are exceedingly active and noisy, like lawyers and witnesses; in the course of about an hour the company generally disperse, and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot.—*Landt's Description of Feroe Islands.*

Dr. Edmonstone, in his view of the Shetland Islands, says that sometimes the crow-court, or meeting, does not appear to be complete before the expiration of a day or two, crows, coming from all quarters to the session. As soon as they are all arrived, a very general noise ensues, the business of the court is opened, and shortly after, they all fall upon one or two individual crows (who are supposed to have been condemned by their peers) and put them to death. When the execution is over, they quietly disperse.

The Calmuck Tartars.—Calmuck women ride better than the men. A male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks, is performed on horeback. A girl is first mounted, who rides of at full speed. Her lover pursues; and if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we were assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels in Russia, &c.*

"I maintain," said an advocate of capital punishments to Fenelon, "that such criminals as the robber and murderer are unfit to live." "But, my friend," replied Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

When Colonel Kirk was told how acceptable it would be to the King (James II.) where he to become a Catholic, he made this polite answer:—"that he regretted extremely he was pre-engaged, having promised the King of Morocco, that if ever he changed his religion, he would turn Mahometan.

THE DESERTERS.

The following narrative was found among the papers of Mr. Mason, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland.

There were in the —— regiment two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a town in Lancashire; and each had much friendship for the other. They had enlisted together, through different motives: they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent. One, whom I shall call *the lover,* had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centered: the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was much beloved. Her relations were inexorable and his hopes in vain. The other, a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer had described it, willing to see wars, accompany his friend, and serve his country, likewise accepted the king's pictures: and was called the volunteer. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow; she was much grieved at this step which he had taken without her privity or consent: but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for her support, she lamented only through affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings: the maid eyed her lover from a distant window, (a nearer approach not being permitted,) and beat time to his steps with her heart, till he was out of sight: and then she sent her soul after him, in deep sighs. They had not been long in the camp before the volunteer had wofull proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which I had dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable, half starved food for powder. As for the lover, he was insensible to hardships of the body: the agitations of his mind absorbed his whole attention. In vain had he endeavored to fly from the object of his love: he brought his person only, leaving his thoughts and his heart behind him and was absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as a silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the lads of Scotland flew from their heels; and they had arrived at a village within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse pursuit, and reconducted to their camp. A court marshal was held and they were condemned to die; but the General ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them suffer. At the appointed time the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with the box and dice upon its head, and the delinquents made to enter.

The horrors which sat brooding on their souls, the preceding night, and were now overwhelming them, at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendships was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die for each other: each wished to live; and each was despicsed at the thought, that his safety must be built on the welfare of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked earnestly at the little instruments of death took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down. The officer was obliged to interpose and commanded the volunteer to throw: he lifted the box in the right hand, then shifted it into the left, and gave it to his right again; and as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eyes up for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst from an opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid:—their hair dishevelled, and their garments by travelling, soiled and torn.

What a sight was this! the mother and son on one side of the drum, and the maid and lover on the other! The first transports of their frantic joy, at finding them alive, were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what must follow. The officer was a man who did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand to the box of his own accord, his mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid: and both, with equal constancy and fervor, poured forth their different prayers.

He threw nine: a gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the widow's face; and she looked as you might suppose her to have done, if standing on the shore, she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves; when presently he gains a raft and is paddling to shore, and already she thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious, lest even yet some envious billow should snatch him forever from her eyes. Meanwhile the lovers giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum with much the same air as he would have ascended a ladder for his execution. He threw ten! the maid sprang from the ground as if she would leap to heaven: he caught her in his arms: they fainted on each other's neck, and recovered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four; and all his attentions were employed about his mother, whose head was on his lap:—but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an officer had run to the duke's tent, to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, was an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold out no longer, he came into the circle, raised the widow, and echoing in her ear, "he is pardoned," restored her to life and happiness together. Then turning to the lovers he commanded them to go immediately to the chaplain, to be united by that tie which death only can dissolve. He often declared he felt more pleasure from this action, than from the battle of Culloden. He shed tears; but they were not those of Alexander, when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

THE PRECIOUS CAT.

A citizen of Bourdeaux, by his will, ordered a fine horse he had to be sold, and the price given to some religious house. It so happened that all the rest of his effects were barely sufficient to pay his debts, and his widow and some children remained to be provided for. The monks appearing to claim the value of the horse, the widow desired her servant to take it to the market, at the same time directing him how to manage matters. The animal being of an uncommonly good appearance, it was not long before the price was asked. The servant answered, just a pistole. The intending purchaser was astonished at such a low price, and thought the seller was in jest. "Nay," says the latter, "I have brought a little cat which you must buy also, otherwise you cannot get the horse as its price is no less than 300 pistoles." The money was accordingly paid without scruple, and the priests outwitted.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

There is a custom, proper to Sicily, which I must not forget to mention. This is a right of purchase of a singular kind. If any man buy an estate, be it house, land, or vineyard, the neighbour of the purchaser, for the space of an entire year afterward, may eject him by an advance of price. In vain would the first purchaser give more to the original owner. This singular law is generally evaded by a falsehood. The purchase money is stated, in the articles of the agreement, at a higher sum than has been agreed upon in the presence of four witnesses. There is another no less singular law in Sicily, according to which, any man can oblige his neighbor to sell his house, if he will pay him three times its value. The intention of this law was, the improvement of the towns. It was to encourage the possessors of large houses to purchase the humble abodes of the poor.—*Count Stolberg's Travels.*

LIFE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo Amerigi, called Carravaggio, closed his strange and chequered career, on his return from Naples to Rome, most probably in the vicinity of Molida Gaeta, whence he made the attempt to set sail from an adjacent port. He first rose into repute as a painter, by the vigor and buoyancy of his own genius, having commenced by holding the pallets and grinding the colors for other artists. He made himself a name among that splendid galaxy of art which shed lustre on the sixteenth century; but hardly had he began to acquire celebrity by the singular productions of his pencil, than the fierce, arrogant, and satirical turn of mind to which he felt a martyr, began to display itself.—Such was his devotion to his art, in early life, that he was accustomed to take his meal, without moving from his labors, on an old piece of canvass that served for napkin and board. He was fond of modelling, and used to call the mendicants and other singular characters who sat to him as subjects, his collection of Antiques. When a friend was once pointing out to him some splendid Grecian statues, "Yes," he replied, "but you shall see how nature has given me specimens of the beautiful antique;" and sketched upon the spot a lovely gypsy girl who happened to be passing along the street. It was thus the lazzaroni and other of the lower orders supplied him with materials for his studies; and from this cause, it is said, there is frequently wanting in his groups that elegant and classic air in the heads, a fault which more than once led to the expulsion of his works from the interior of palaces and churches.

Owing to his fiery temperament, Caravaggio made few friends; he became miserable and unsociable; and usually took up his quarters at a tavern. One day, not having wherewithal to make up his small account, he painted a new sign-board for the landlord, and this was subsequently sold for a considerable sum.

In a sudden and fierce dispute which arose between him and another artist, who persisted in loading him with abusive epithets, Caravaggio drew his sword to attack him, and, in the very act, ran it thro' the body of another person who hastened to separate them. In this emergency he sought an asylum in the house of the Marchese Giustinian, who indueed by the representations he made of the affair, not only granted him his protection, but obtained for him a pardon. The first step he took, on receiving this favor, was to challenge the man who had originally insulted him, and who replied to it by stating that he was a gentleman, and a cavalier, who never consented to draw his sword except against his equals.

Stung to the quick by this contemptuous treatment, Caravaggio abandoned his country, and set out on his voyage to Malta, with a view of acquiring for himself the dignity of knighthood, of which his hated rival had so much boasted. His expedition, in this respect, was crowned with success; he obtained the regard of the grand-master, who created him a chevalier of the ancient order of Knights of Malta, gave him two slaves to attend him, and made him a present of a grand chain of gold. He was not destined, however, ever more to confront his insulting foe. The natural temperament of the artist was not corrected by this sudden influx of prosperity and honor; he bore himself so haughtily as to give umbrage to a knight-commander of illustrious family, residing in the place, the result of which was unfortunate to the weaker party, and ended in his being thrown into prison.

Although strictly guarded, Caravaggio did not allow his courage to droop; and one night, with infinite difficulty, he contrived to make his escape.—He instantly set sail, and sought refuge for a period in Sicily; but not considering himself in a state of safety in those parts, he took ship for Naples, with the intention of making application in that city, to obtain the pardon, if not to be restored to the favor of the grand-master of Malta. But scarcely had he set foot into that city, when he was attacked and wounded in the face by a party of armed men; and in the idea they had been despatched to slay or imprison him, he fled and took refuge on board a feluca, with the view of reaching Rome. He had not, however, proceeded far on his course, when, having stopped in one of the adjacent ports, a party of Spanish soldiers arrested and threw him into prison, in mistake for another cavalier of whom they were in pursuit. At length, having made himself understood, he ran towards the port to rejoin his vessel, on board of which were the whole of his effects:—it was no longer there, having just set sail without him. Overwhelmed by the occurrence of so many disasters, in quick succession, he set out on foot along the coast, unprovided either with money or with food. Anxious, excited, and worn out with fatigue, his intellects became disordered, and without a friend or hope of any kind to cheer his fainting spirit, wandering under a scorching sun till he sank, he perished miserably on his way.

MAXIMS.

No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them: nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.

How brilliant soever an action may be, it ought not to pass for great, when it is not the effect of great design.

To praise great actions with sincerity, may be said to be taking part in them.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the usual sources of our affections.

The greatest ambition entirely conceals itself, when it finds that what it aspired to is unattainable.

What seems to be generosity, is often no more than dignified ambition; which overlooks little interests, in order to gratify great ones.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

That conduct often seems ridiculous, the secret reasons of which are wise and solid.

In conversation, confidence has a greater share than wit.

Few people are well acquainted with death. It is generally submitted to through stupidity and custom, not resolution: most men die merely because they cannot help it.

Rare as true love is, it is less so than true friendship.

The reason why few women give into friendship, is, that friendship is insipid to those who have experienced love.

None are either so happy or so unhappy as they imagine.

If we were not proud ourselves, we should not complain of the pride of others.

Pride is equal in all men, and differs but in the means and manner of showing itself.

Few are so wise as to prefer useful reproof to treacherous praise.

A refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice.

Who are the most disinterestedly *good?*
Those who are *good for nothing.*

From the Rose-Bud.

A TRUE STORY.

"Truth," says Lord Byron, "is often stranger than fiction." This remark will be found strictly in point in the following narrative.

There resides at present in the vicinity of Boston, a venerable clergyman, whose character for learning, piety, and active usefulness, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

When young, he was very poor, and entered Harvard College with almost no means of support, apart from the expected liberality of the College Faculty, who have a considerable charity fund at their disposal.

He was supplied with all the sums from this resource, consistent with the justice due to other claimants, but still he remained in a condition of hopeless indigence.

Matters had arrived at such a pass, that unless he should be soon provided with a set of linen, he could no longer remain in College, or obtain his education.

Reduced almost to despair, he one day took his staff, and walked from Cambridge to Boston, to see if he could procure a situation in a vessel, or some other laborious employment.

When arrived near the ferry, which at that time occupied the place of the present Cambridge bridge, he perceived that something had got fastened to the end of his staff.

He made several attempts to knock it off as a useless encumbrance, but found that it would obstinately adhere to the point of the staff.

Curiosity at length impelled him to examine it, when he discovered that it was a gold ring, set with very brilliant diamonds.

He carried it immediately to a jeweller, who was a gentleman of great integrity and benevolence.—On acquainting him with his situation, the jeweller paid him down a handsome sum on the spot, and requested the young man to call on him for assistance in future.

The linen was purchased, the shirts were made up by the young man's sisters, and his prospects from that time grew brighter and brighter.

The ring, which so singularly forced itself into his hands was probably dropped by a British officer in the course of our Revolutionary War.

ORIGIN OF COPYRIGHT, AND THE FIRST LITERARY PIRACY.

The first appearance of any thing in the shape of a legal security granted to authors for their productions, is referred, by Mr. D'Israeli, to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. No book was allowed to be published without the permission of the licensers of the press, who were instructed, for the better protection of literary property, only to give one license for the same book. This does not, however, appear to have had the desired effect, since these persons were easily tampered with by the booksellers of those days, to furnish half a dozen authorities to different persons for the same work. In Queen Anne's reign, the office of licenser of the press was done away with, and literature received a more definite and decided protection. A limited term was granted to every author to reap the fruit of his labours; after which a man's right to his own work ceased altogether. This has been the case ever since.

The first protection of literary property may, however, be traced to a much earlier period, namely, in 1514, in Italy, during the pontificate of the accomplished Leo X., who granted to Beroaldo, the editor of the five books of Tacitus (brought by Angelo Arcamboldo from the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia,) an exclusive right to the profits of his labours. To effect this, Leo denounced sentence of excommunication against any who should reprint the work without the permission of the proprietor, besides a penalty of two hundred ducats, and the forfeiture of the whole impression. At the end of ten years this injunction was to cease, and the book to become general property. Notwithstanding the exertions of the Pontiff the work was pirated, and printed at Milan the same year by Mauziano, who had established himself there as a publisher, in opposition to Aldrus Manuzio. He appears to have obtained the sheets of Beroaldo's Tacitus surreptitiously, long before the impression was completed—probably by bribing some person employed in the printing office of Manuzio. He was cited to appear before the Pope; but owing to the interference of his friends, the *fine* was remitted, and sentence of excommunication only passed upon him. A compromise was afterwards entered into between Manuzmio and Beroaldo; and thus terminated the first *literary piracy!*

SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

By the *Charta Forestæ* we find that before that time to kill one of the King's deer was punished with loss of life or limb, at the same time that a murderer paid only a weregild, or was entitled to benefit of clergy.

From Crantz's account of Greenland we learn that the Greenlanders show their resentment of injuries by giving their adversaries notice, that they will, at a particular day, publicly recite a libel against them; and it is reckoned a want of spirit if the adversary does not give a fluent answer. What barbarians! not to have recourse to duelling.

ANECDOTE.

Cardinal de Retz tell us, that in the administration of Mazarine (almost as oppressive and wicked a Minister as has ever appeared,) a peasant riding upon a lean and half starved mule, at every false step the poor beast made, cursed Cardinal Mazarine: upon which he asked what connection there could possibly be between the stumbling of his mule and the *Minister?* "The Cardinal," replied the fellow, "is the sole, the

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"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, July 13, 1833.

From "Sketches of Turkey."

[Unpublished.]

The Turkish Heir Presumptive.—To some inquiries touching the succession in case of failure in the present reigning family, we learned to our great astonishment that the nearest heir to the throne, and the validity of whose claim would be acknowledged by the Turks themselves, was an old classmate in Edinburgh. Among the odd characters assembled in 1818 and 1819 within the gloomy lecture-rooms of that venerable university, from various quarters of the globe, was a queer fish, familiarly known under the name of Kitty. He sported on his cards "Sultan Gerry, Krim Gerry, Kitty Gerry and of Caucasus," and was remarkable for the astounding English in which he clothed his oriental ideas. He was represented to us as having been a Mussulman converted to Christianity, and sent at the expense of the Emperor of Russia to be initiated into the learning of the West. He was a very inoffensive man, with great simplicity of character, and a much more attentive student than many of us who amused ourselves with his peculiarities. It was considered an excellent joke among the profane to invite honest Kitty to tea under the pretence of discussing literary matters. The conversation would sooner or later diverge to religious subjects, and particularly to the comparative morality of the Christian and Mahomedan belief.—Some would jestingly espouse the cause of Mohammed, while poor Kitty would work himself into a perfect fever in defending his adopted religion. During this discussion, wine, or rather potent Fairntosh, would be introduced, and Kitty, although by education and habit exceedingly temperate, would partake of the passing cup. As the genial liquid began to exercise its influence, his fervour increased, and a hint that he was as abstemious as a Mussulman would inevitably compel him to toss off another bumper as a pledge of his orthodoxy. The stedfastness of his faith increased as the steadiness of his gait diminished, and when every thing around him looked double, he would the more vehemently defend the doctrines of the Trinity. I have since learned that he married a Scotch lassie, much against the wishes of her family, and took her with him to Russia, where he now resides. He is a lineal descendant of the ancient khans of the Crimea, and we were informed by one of the officers of government here, that in default of male issue in the royal line, he will certainly be called to the Ottoman throne. His immediate predecessor sold the sovereignty of the Crimea to Russia, and he is now a dependant upon its bounty.—That government, with their usual long-sighted policy, doubtless reserve him or some of his descendants in order to make a claim upon the Turkish throne, and fill it with one of their own vassals.—This, however, unless some unusual calamity should befall the present royal dynasty, is scarcely a probable event; for to judge by the loyal demonstrations of joy exhibited around us this day, a stranger would infer that the great bulk of the people are strongly attached to the reigning family.

Turkish Soldiers.—At a small wooden building, near the water's edge, where we stopped to take pipes and coffee, we witnessed a scene which, to veterans like ourselves in the New-York militia, was exceedingly diverting. Two soldiers were stationed on guard at this spot, and as their duty was not particularly burdensome, they were quietly kicking their heels over the bank, and endeavouring to inveigle some small fish (smaris), about the size of our killifish, out of the water. They could not, however, be accused of deserting their post, for their muskets were stuck up in the grass some two or three hundred yards off, doing duty for their masters. As the reports are very general that discontents exist among the soldiers, we requested our guide to sound these amateur fishermen on this subject. They acknowledged that they were dissatisfied, but not on account of their pay, which they considered handsome enough—whenever they were so lucky as to obtain it. But what they did grumble at was to be compelled to mount guard without other provision than their ration of bread, and they were then endeavoring to supply the deficiency by fishing. Their tour of duty, however, they said, would expire in a few days, and upon their return to barracks they would be perfectly happy, for they would then receive their full ration both of bread and meat. These soldiers must have been luxurious dogs, to complain about the want of meat, for the laboring class, whose toil would seem to require a very substantial fare, are satisfied with one meal a day, consisting of a small loaf of bread and a piece of watermelon, or a few black and bitter olives. Upon examinmg the muskets of these soldiers, which they permitted us to do freely, we found them to be of Turkish manufacture. There was little to criticise, except that the stock of one musket was broken directly across, and held together by the extemporary aid of a piece of rope, while the other was perfect in every respect, except that it wanted a tr. ger. Neither had flints, but as the country is now in a state of profound repose and peace, these would be quite superfluous. One of the greatest difficulties to be overcome under the new army regulations, was to conquer the aversion of the soldiery to mounting guard. Nothing appeared to them more ridiculous than to be compelled to walk backwards and forwards for several hours with a gun on their shoulders, just like the restless Franks; and what to them seemed to be the climax of absurdity, was, to keep up the same farce during the night. In the good old times of the Janizaries, such puerilities as mounting guard were never dreamed of. Indeed, guards could then have been of no earthly use, for all the plunderings and murders were monopolized by those cut-throats themselves. The dress of the modern Turkish soldier has partaken of the general change which has occurred within the last ten years, and whatever it may have lost in picturesque effect, it has certainly gained in effectiveness for military duty. Instead of loose slipshod slippers, he now wears stout serviceable shoes, securely fastened by leather strings. The huge balloon *chashkeers*, which impeded his every movement, have given place to woollen trowsers, still rather ample about the nether man, but not so large as to prevent him from making a rapid charge upon the enemy, or from running away. The glittering and flowing jubbee and baynoesh are well exchanged for a smart tight-bodied blue jacket, closely hooked in front, and allowing perfect freedom to the limbs; while the turban, infinitely varied in shape and colour, often ragged, and frequently dirty, suggesting the idea of walking toadstools, has for ever disappeared. In its place the soldier sports a tidy red cap, with a blue tassel gracefully depending from its crown. With the exception of the cap, and the still lingering amplitude of trowsers, the Turkish soldiers could scarcely be distinguished from the regulars of any European nation. The topegees, or artillery, wear a cylindrical military cap, and it was the wish of the sultan to have it furnished with a small rim in front, to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun. This daring innovation was opposed, and successfully too, by the ulemah, that learned corps from whence emanate all the law, physic, and religion of the country. It was argued that no true Mussulman could perform his devotions without touching his forehead to the ground, and the proposed leather projection would render this impracticable. As no one happened to hit upon the idea that the cap might be turned around while at prayers, the sultan was compelled to give up the point, as he had previously done when it was attempted to induce the ulemah themselves to abandon the turban. They replied that they were not boys, nor would they wear boys' caps, and accordingly stuck manfully to the turban, in despite of the supposed absolute power of the Padir shah.

A CAPITAL PROJECT.

The New Bedford Gazette contains a notice of a new scheme devised by some of the enterprising citizens of that place, which if accomplished will be likely to make some noise in the world. The project is to bring home a live whale—a young 'un of course—and use him for towing ships out to sea. It has been stated it seems by experienced whalemen that whales in general are sufficiently tractable, and may be broken like horses, without a great deal of trouble. The intention is, it appears, to allow his whaleship to ramble about the Bay at his own pleasure, occasionally making an excursion outside to render assistance to vessels that may be in distress on the coast, and after a while, if found capable, he is to be entrusted with the charge of vessels, as pilot. The scheme undoubtedly presents many advantages, inasmuch as there will be no cost for keeping, repairing, insurance, &c.,—or any of the numberless expenses incident to the employment of Steam-boats. We perceive there is some talk of an expedition to capture the Sea-Serpent; if it should prove successful, he might perhaps be employed in the same way.—There is one piece of advice however which we think the devisers of this notable project will do well to observe; with a slight alteration it is taken from the cookery-book of the accomplished Mrs. Glasse, who commences her directions for dressing a hare with this significant admonition: "First catch a hare;"—so we say to the good people of New Bedford, "First catch your whale."

A LEGAL PUZZLE.

We see it announced in one of the Western papers that Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, have been tried and convicted of an assault and battery upon some peaceable individual, and fined five dollars each, and the costs. From this fact we presume that both struck; but suppose one only had made such an improper use of his fist, and that the other had taken no part in the matter except being present, which the poor fellow couldn't well help: How could they arrest the offender without making themselves liable to an action for false imprisonment at the suit of the other? Again; suppose Mr. Chang should pay his fine like an honest man and a good citizen, and that Eng should refuse to produce his coin, or have none to produce; what could be done in such a case? In default of payment the offender is liable to imprisonment: but they could not shut up Eng for his contumacy, without taking his brother too: and he, having done the needful, has the best right in the world to go free.—It is probable that the Twins have goods and chattels; but all they possess is as much the property of one as of the other, and the myrmidons of the law dare not make a levy, lest they should be taking Mr. Chang's goods to pay Eng's debt. For all we can see, if one of the defendants should refuse to pay, the Sheriff must be content with what he can get from the other

THE SEA SERPENT.

We learn from the Boston Mercantile Journal, that an expedition was to put forth on Tuesday last, with harpoons and all other requisites, for the capture of the "monster," as the down east papers persist in calling a harmless snake, merely because the poor fellow happens to be a hundred feet long or so—no fault of his we suspect; we have no doubt he would creep into a quart pot if he could, rather than have all this fuss made about him. There can be no real difficulty in catching the animal, if the assailants don't suffer themselves to be frightened out of their wits. Whales of much more portentous bulk have been taken before now, and we doubt very much whether the serpent's powers of mischief are greater than those of a full grown, right-down wicked and spiteful grampus.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

At the Benefit of Mr. Barrett of the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, iced lemonade in abundance, was served to the ladies and gentlemen in the Boxes, between the play and the farce, by the direction of the Manager—The best part of the performance in hot weather.

A THUNDERING PROCLAMATION.

This tremendous fulmination, breathing brimstone and gunpowder like an exploding Rocket was fired off many years ago by Col. Crowe,—a veteran officer, who having past a life of peril and distinction in the field, under the Duke of Marlborough, retired to his estate in Ireland near Cappoqueur, and Darrow, on the river Tallamore. But the gallant Colonel's notions of discipline were sadly outraged by the neighboring school boys, who robbed his peach trees, bathed from his Boats, and set afloat his Bogsticks, large logs of timber found in the bottom of turf pits some 18 feet deep. And against these rebellious proceedings the irrascible Colonel fulminated this fiery Anathema.

"Whereas I, Col. Thomas Crowe have been well and truly informed that several vile, atrocious night-walking, garden-robbing, premature-peach-stealing, poaching rascals, thieves and cubs of hell, do frequently, villanously, diabolically, surreptitiously, and burglariously assemble themselves in and upon my boats in the river Tullamore, therein boating, piping, plunging, fighting, cursing, swearing, blaspheming, sabbath-breaking, eat and duck-hunting, with many other shameless enormities and illicit acts, which the modesty of my pen cannot express.

This is, therefore, to give you all notice, reptiles, rogues, ruffians, rugamuffins, poltroons, spindle-shank lank-jawed, herring-gutted plebeians, that if you, or any of you, hereafter dare to set foot in my boats, or any part of my property whatever, I will send my myrmidons like Tritons, who shall assail you in the deep, and plunge you into the great abyss called Hull's hole: then will I consign you to Charon who shall ferry you over the Styx, and deliver you to the arch-devil Lucifer, at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be boiled in the bitumen of Vesuvius, to be dregged with the sulphur of Caucasus, and to be broiled eternally upon the ever burning embers of Etna.

Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! Darians, Delacarians, Cappercarians, and Tullamorians, base-born scoundrel rascals, of whatever nation ye be, return me my bogsticks, or, by the Gods, I swear, I will send my man Jacob to Babylon for blood hounds fiercer than tigers: with them, when I am mounted on my famous horse, Rat-tail, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, until I centre you in my Newfoundland, where the Devil himself shall not find you, when I will mount my Gnzebo and in the height of my wrath declare to the Gods what rascals ye have been."

Different ways of doing the same thing.—"Pray excuse me, said a well dressed young man to a young lady in the second tier of boxes at the theatre: "I wish to go up stairs and get some refreshment—don't leave your seat." A sailor seated in the box near his sweet-heart, and disposed to do the same thing, rose and said, "Harkee, Moll, I'm going aloft to wet my whistle—don't fall overboard while I'm gone."

ANECDOTE OF LORD CLIVE.

The following authentic anecdote of the celebrated conqueror in India has never, we believe, appeared in print; it was communicated to us by a gentleman to whom it was told upwards of fifty years ago, by a townsman of the illustrious soldier, who witnessed the occurrence. The story, furnishes an apt illustration of the spirit which raised Clive to the peerage, through a series of almost unexampled successes, and bold undertakings.

At the time to which the anecdote relates, Clive was a boy at school in a small town in the west of England. Not far from the school house was a high bank of earth, down the side of which ran a small stream of water. Beneath this bank an old woman had a cottage, at the open window of which she daily displayed a goodly array of apples, nuts, gingerbread, marbles, and other trinkets such as are likely to tempt the souls of roystering school boys, and by the sale of which the old lady generally contrived to effect a transfer to her own strong box of all the stray pennies that came into the possession of the lads of the neighborhood. Some passages of an unpleasant character had taken place between little Clive and the vender of eatables, resulting probably from a refusal on the part of the latter to give credit when the boy's pockets were empty, and his thoughts were bent on revenge. After cogitating over the matter for some time, it occurred to him that his best plan would be, to divert the stream from its natural direction and bring it to pour itself down into the old woman's window. No sooner said than done; watching his opportunity when the good lady was out of the way, the youngster betook himself to his task, and labored for some time with great energy to build up a dam with gravel and mud and stones across the course of the brook, so as to turn it aside from its natural channel; but the force of the water was too great for him and broke down his dam as fast as he built it up; he persevered however for some time with great constancy, but with no better success than at first; tired at length of repeated failures, but not a whit the less bent on fulfilling his purpose, the obstinate urchin very coolly laid himself down directly across the stream, thus making a solid embankment of his own body, and kept his station without flinching until his clothes were thoroughly soaked, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the camp of his enemy inundated by the full rush of the descending torrent, and her apples, cookies, and other haberdashery floating about in undistinguishable confusion. The same determination to succeed in what, ever he undertook, with the same recklessness as to the nature of the means to which he resorted, marked the future career of the Indian Conqueror.

A *BARBAR*-OUS BARBER.

The Father of W. H. Ireland whose forgeries of the "Shakespeare Manuscripts" caused such immense excitement some years ago, was sitting down one morning under the daily operation of his Tonsor, and very intently poring over the paper.—While he was thus engaged, his attention was drawn to the operator by some most unusual words and gesticulation from his generally quiet Barber.—He looked very earnestly at his customer for two or three seconds, and then, brandishing the razor aloft, he exclaimed—"Yes, I must!"—then after a moment's pause, added—"No, I mus'n't!"—and then proceeded with his shaving;—but immediately afterwards looked very savagely at Mr. Ireland, and repeated the same words and antics—"Yes I must, and "No, I mus'n't!" Struck with the unusual manner of the man, and his strange expressions, the old gentleman enquired,—"what are you about?—yes, you must! and no, you must not,—must not do what my friend?"—"Why, do you know"—rejoined the Barber very earnestly,—"the Devil is standing at my elbow here, and says I ought to cut your throat!" "Oh! the Devil he does?" shouted Mr. Ireland, and springing from his seat, upset the Barber, the shaving pot, and the Times newspaper. On the following morning when he went to be shaved he was told that the poor Tonsor had been taken to the Lunatic Asylum raving mad.

JOKES FROM MY JEST BOOK.

It has, no doubt, fallen to the lot of most of us in our lives to observe how frequently the loudest talker is by many, mistaken for the wisest, and that he who roundly asserts himself to be the most talented man of the age, is by many an innocent victim, believed. But this can only happen when the faculty "of poeticalizing prose," —— vulgarly called l——g —— has been so long and successfully practised that there are neither "flaws, nor starts," nor blushes, in speech or speaker. For instance, a pair of Turtles from the *board* of Alderman asserted lately,—and roundly too,—that our present Corporation, like the English Fox administration, embodied "all the talents." 'Tis true credulity is not compulsory, though there is little doubt that the brace of Aldermen had so often and so loudly stated it, that the ultra charitable began to hope they might, perhaps, believe it themselves. For our part we are for perfect freedom of civil and religious belief, even where to doubt is *not* civil. For instance we lately heard that somewhere near the North Pole—there or thereabouts—one of our whale seeking navigators had accidentally stumbled upon that still rarer animal—an honest man!—If this be really so, we can but assure our modern Diogenes, that we think his discovery more extraordinary than all Sir Isaac Newton's! What a fortune might he not make by exhibiting this "unknown monster" in Wall-street! What a reform his presence would bring about in the Common Council! And even when this lusus naturæ died, one of our museums would give a thousand for his bones, and the other as much again for his PEALE!

Last week a country merchant paid his first visit to our big Babel of a city, and at dinner time having never been seated at so bounteous a table as that of friend Webb, remained sometime wistfully eyeing the many dainties around him.

"So when two *favorite* dishes on one day,
Fall most unmeetly in the Eater's way:
The anxious Diner, each loved dainty views,
Nor knows he which to take or which refuse.
To eat his fill of this or that is loth,
And sighs to think he *cannot* dine on both."

Observing his perplexity, or rather his waste of time, the Waiter very attentively enquired his wishes, and this dialogue passed between them.

"What shall I have the pleasure of getting for you, Sir?"

"Why, really, Waiter, there are so many things on table, I'm quite confused among them!"

"Well, Sir, shall I bring you the *Bill of Fare?*

"Aye,—thank you Waiter,—yes,—I'll take a little of *that*,—well done,—with some mashed potatoes!"

I was somewhat mischievously amused a short time since while travelling along the canal in the western part of this state, at the ingenious but impudent prank of one of the colored Waiters. He as well as myself, had watched with what celerity two very pretty fellow travellers popped their heads below the moment the pilot shouted "Bridge! Bridge! As soon as we were seated at Dinner, and all were busily engaged on their first article of food, the mischievous Black shouted in the ears of the two Ladies—"bridge! bridge! and down popped their pretty faces directly into their soup plates. The Gentlemen started to their feet,—and the boy to the deck, for the urchin escaped in the confusion, while the two pretty faces were raised from the table all covered with green Turtle and crimson blushes, at having spilt the soup and spoilt the inglets.

TALK ABOUT TOWN.

BLACK HAWK'S GHOST

It has been currently reported about town that Black Hawk was recently shot in the vicinity of Albany. In this case, we believe that report, as usual, is nothing better than a common liar, but if otherwise, we can state on very good authority, that in three days after the bloody deed was said to have been perpetrated, his "majesty's" ghost made a very voracious breakfast, on beefsteaks and onions in Buffalo.

Black Hawk, as he at first intended will not review the British troops in Canada. This change was effected by the English Governor's refusing to give him a royal salute, and the old red warrior to receive any other.

N. Y. Z. of the Courier and Enquirer informs us that the *husband* of the Duchess De Berri could not possibly have seen her *royal consort* for at least fifteen months prior to the birth of her daughter as it can be fully proved that the gentleman never left the Hague during that time, while it is equally certain the lady was never within a hundred miles of it. In this dilemma, we should not be to hasty in forming an opinion, as there is no accounting for miracles. Besides it were wrong to father a doubtful fault on any one; and further, if they will only take the trouble of looking back awhile, they will find many people on record (Scott's Wizzard for instance), who have been known to come into this vile world of ours without the assistance of a father at all.

COMPLEXION OF THE TIMES.

We learn with much astonishment, that the government is about to prohibit the importation of French rouge. This will really alter the present fair complexion of the times. However, we can assure the ladies on very good authority that they need not entirely despair of blushing through the medium of foreign roses still, for the spinsters of New York have convened a meeting at the City-Hall for next Friday, to petition the president against giving his sanction to so *barefaced* a proceeding.

A DECISION.

It is said that the government has at length decided on admitting "the ladies" to take their proportion of fatigue in the debates in Congress. This is likely to produce a great stir in the cotton market as it is to be presumed the members of the masculine gender will be obliged to use large quantities in stuffing their ears.

CAN'T SEE THE WOOD FOR TREES.

There is a good anecdote recorded of a person who being in a field where a pack of hounds were in full cry after a deer, was accosted by a hunt-man with "Well Tom, how do you like the music." "Music, music," exclaimed Tom, straining his ears to listen, "but hang it Jack, its no use, a body can't hear nothing at all for these damned noisy dogs.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

A report don't always amount to a certainty, and so perchance there may be some doubt as to the veracity of a story now in circulation of a stout Kentuckian who lately went out to sea, a bobbing for shad on the back of a tame porpoise.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF WINE.

Horace has humorously alluded to the various effects produced by wine, on different people. One man, under the influence of the viny god, weeps in maudlin sorrow; another becomes merry and vivacious; aye, and loquacious to boot; a third grows quarrelsome, and throws the bottle at the head of his nearest companion; and a fourth goes sottishly to sleep. When Addison and Steele dined together, such widely different effects were produced from the same cause, that the former only began to be witty and facetious by the time his friend had absorbed enough wine to make him dull and lumpish. Shakspeare's Cassio goes to prayers in his cups; and Justice Shallow, who, whilst he is sober, is as "silent as an oyster," no sooner has swallowed a few beakers of wine, than he becomes noisy, and roars catches. We have an old proverb, that Satan lies at the bottom of an inordinate cup. If this be the case, wine-bibbers will probably feel disposed to argue with the old wife in the song, that

"'Twould surely be a burning shame
To leave the Devil a drop!"

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

Music! Music! Music! What would our grandfathers have said, had any one told them what a musical generation was to succeed them! The Italians have gone from us for a season, but the new Opera House is nearly finished, and during their absence we have many exquisite dealers in sweet sounds, to comfort our souls. Among them none are better worth hearing than the accomplished musicians recently engaged by Mr. Peale at his splendid museum; Monsieur Schoumacker and his two sisters, whose dealings with the harp and violin are enough to "draw three souls out of one weaver."

HINT TO SPORTSMEN.

A venerable friend of our own whose fowling-piece has perhaps done as much execution in its day as that of any other Nimrod extant, assures us that crows cannot count three, although they can two: he says that if two sportsmen go into a cover, and one only comes out again, the crows are up to the trick and keep at a respectful distance; but that if three go in, the cunning birds lose the run of 'em (to use our friend's phrase) and if two come out, the remaining third man may be sure of a shot: and of a crow too if he's no bungler: the cawing gentry not being able to keep the reckoning over two, and supposing that as many have gone out as went in.

MARRIAGES.

William Leaf, Esq. of Manchester, to Miss Rose, sister of Sir George Rose.

O the courtship has come to a close,
'Twas happy as it was brief,
The Leaf has encircled the Rose,
And the Rose has just turn'd to a Leaf.
May beautiful buds of their union be born,
And the Leaf shield the Rose and her buds from the thorn.

Mr. String to Miss Pipe—(*Union Pipe*, we suppose.)

Pipes and Strings, are musical things,
And when with accordance clever,
They correctly keep time, with reason for rhyme,
I could list to their concert for ever!
Then may pretty Miss Pipe, for harmony ripe,
With comfort still on the crescendo,
In tune with her String, hymen's happiness sing,
Ne'er knowing a diminuendo.

THE PAVILION, YORKVILLE.

Our old friend Walker has disposed of his interest in this house, which has now became the private residence of its new purchaser. There was not a house in the whole range of the third avenue from the city to Harlaem where more attention was paid to the guests, or where the traveller could stop with greater comfort or enjoyment. Mr. Walker and his amiable wife are about to remove themselves and their sign to an excellent house in Harlaem, where we are sure the same attention and courtesy which rendered a call at the old pavilion so agreeable, will render a visit to the new one a matter of pleasure to the caller, and a service to its worthy hosts,—who warmly thank their friends and patrons for the assistance they have received, which they hope, and we have no doubt, will be extended to them in their new concern.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF DANIEL O'HASTY.

There is a tide in the affairs of man.
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of his life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
Shakspeare.

Daniel O'Hasty first favored the world with the light of his countenance, at the fag end of a winter's day about fifty years since. This memorable event took place in a little mud cabin, by the side of a blind bye road, in the vicinity of "Cork's own town," and at the very first glance of his merry black eyes, he discovered he had the felicity of being the youngest son of his daddy, Mr. Murtoch O'Hasty, and that a host of little brothers and sisters, (nine in number) were thronging about on tiptoe to give him a "*cead mile*" faultha.

Dan's first employment, of course, was defending himself lustily, and loudly, against the embraces of the wild young group that surrounded him; and having at length the good fortune to escape with his life, he was safely deposited in his little crib where he slept like a top till morning.

Such was Dan's first introduction to his friends, and the neighbors; but about the riper incidents of his infancy, history is almost silent. True, it is recorded that from the first hour he grew apace, and was one of the merriest, noisiest, wittiest little urchins in the parish,—that he had handy legs, black eyes, curly hair, &c. &c.; that before he was six months old he developed a very mischievous disposition, used to bite his mammy's fingers, tear her frock, spill his milk, and choke the cat, whenever pussy dared to dispute with him the possession of a spot, which he was aristocratic enough to claim as his own sole dominion, in his mammy's lap. It is further stated that from the time he began to walk, he was a perfect little devil. The first day he waged a war on every thing in the house, trenchers, plates, pannicans, and pancrooks, fell before him; and it is even said, that his father's little black pipe, which had supported the dignity of the family for fifteen years, was laid in ruins by an untimely blow. His sisters, and brothers, besides sundry other little unfortunates in the neighborhood, were also doomed to suffer in the same cause with the astonished crockery. To be sure, those who were bigger than himself, and glad to give him leg bail, used generally to get off with a thump in the side of the head from a sod of turf, or an empty noggin; but woe be to the urchin, whose evil fortune ever led him to come within the *bad* grasp of Daniel O'Hasty's little red right arm.

At four, he began to take more of a military turn, which was purely the effect of instinct, for ere he had seen the shadow of a "red coat," he sallied forth one morning, a horse-back on his father's spade handle, armed capapee with a dish cover and a pot lid: and he was soon after discovered furiously engaged with a tremendous turkey cock, which had long been the terror of the whole neighborhood, but which now soon lay prone beneath the cudgel of our little Knight Errant.

From this we lose sight of him until he was twelve; at which time he was a ragged, rollicking, good for nothing little monkey—never satisfied but when he was hunting the pigs and ducks through the mud—pinning dishcloths to the neighbor's skirts, or stealing apples—and as a further embellishment, his literary attainments consisted entirely in being able to trace a few mishapen letters in the sand with the shank of his father's pipe. For some time, all Dan's elder brothers and sisters had done something towards "the boiling of the pot;" but Dan's efforts as yet had been confined to the emptying of it.—This would have scarcely done for the youngest son of a lord, but for the youngest son of Mr. Murtoch O'Hasty, whose whole possessions consisted in the revenue of half an acre of bog land, and the "tenpenny bit" he used to earn daily by hedging and ditching, it was'nt likely to do at all. This struck the father as forcibly as it struck us, and he accordingly bound him to a tinker in Cork; but the first day he broke the tinker's soldering iron, the tinker broke his head, so he immediately took to his heels, and for 4 years after was as great a draw-back on the appearance of the family larder as ever. He was now an overgrown bulk of a boy, with an appetite like a sparrow hawk; but nothing could induce him to move an inch in the support of it. His father wanted him to work, but no, Dan had an insurmountable aversion to work of any kind, which he could not account for—but so it was.

The father was any thing but satisfied with this excuse—Dan could give no other; and so, things coming to a focus one day, the old man took the tinkers hint and turned him out of the house.

Dinner time arrived—but Dan was afraid to go home to dinner, for be it known to you his father was the best cudgel player in the barrony. Supper time followed, and still nothing to eat and what was yet worse, he began to suspect he would make just as indifferent a hand at a long fasting as at hard work. It is a very dangerous thing to throw temptation in the way of a hungry man. Just as Dan was revolving this matter in his mind his memory began accidentally to wander back to a very delicate mutton chop, he had seen at a neighbors house the day before; and at the same time, he discovered himself in the vicinity of a lime kiln. "Tis a warm place to sleep any way" he exclaimed, "and if a body only had something to cook, things might be even worse than they are. Now whether the devil heard him or no we wont pretend to say, but the certainty is, that ere the last word was out of his mouth he espied a sheep very quietly grazing at the foot of the hill. Dan was butcher enough to know how to kill a sheep, but then he had scarcely philosophy or courage enough to run the risk of being hanged for a supper. Besides this, to say the truth for him a thought or two of the tenth command ment began to knock very busily at his ribs, and he was just on the point of turning away, when the ill omened lime kiln again caught his attention, and again aroused by its flare, all the subsiding reflections of the dainty mutton chop of the day before. Nothing in the world heals the pricks of a man's conscience so much as a sharp appetite; particularly when he has nothing to eat,—it is an old saying that it would force its way through a stone wall. Dan thought of all this, then he thought of "thou shalt not steal," then of the halter, next of the lime kiln and the mutton chop, and then alas! he was determined to think no more, but giving all his virtue to the midnight winds on the bosom of a heart rending hungry sigh, he bounded across the field, and in less than an hour after the remnant of a fore quarter of the poor sheep might have proved to any body's satisfaction that Mr. Daniel O'Hasty was very partial to roasted mutton. Be silent, and judge not Oh, ye who are daily laboring from the evil effects of over loaded stomachs, and sated appetites; Ye may be virtuous as ye list, for ye have none of these little etceterras to contend with, that allure your lank sided, vulture eyed neighbors into crime; but trust us, if any one of you, was placed in Dan Hasty's precise situation, with the lime kiln fire, and all other appurtenances to boot at his elbow, and a fat sheep feeding at the foot of a hill—like him he'd soon whip his knife into his jugular.

Dan returned to his father's cabin next day, and was received as well as might be expected, tho' not perchance with quite so much ceremony as the prodigal son. However like the Lapland prince, the delicious feast in the lime kiln had quite unmanned him, and he began to feel in his heart that he had not virtue sufficient to live on potatoes and salt as long as one of his neighbors had any spare mutton. The next night he again stole out in the direction of the lime kiln, and the following morning old Farmer Brady of the cross roads found he had lost another sheep.

Crime leads to crime. Dan saw that it was the shortest waste in the world to kill a sheep for the sake of a supper, so he came to the conclusion of occasionally driving one or two to the market.

All this while the good people at home had no suspition of what was going on. When he was absent he used to say he had been employed in carrying baggage from the packets in Corkand as there was no just reason manifest to doubt his word, every one believed him. It is true, some people suspected (no doubt basing their opinions on the improved appearance of his outward form, as far as flesh, blood and bone were concerned,) that he had been putting the "coun bother" on some good natured cook maid in the city; but then this idea was again knocked in the head, by the fact, that he made no advances in the fashion of his wardrobe, and it was to be presumed, that no fair lady, who had the means withal, would suffer her gallant to be prowling about her master's premises without a crown to his hat, and with nothing to shield his tender shins and toes from the frost and paving stones, but the shoes and stockings he was born in.

Things were progressing in this way, Dan keeping himself almost as naked as a scare-crow to prevent suspicion, when, one morning his eye was unfortunately captivated by a pair of buckskin breeches which he bought for a thirty shilling note, and went home to his father's as proud as a peacock.—This mysterious transaction might have sunk into utter oblivion; at least might never have been immortalized in a tale, but for another that had taken place the night before; namely, the loss of old Billy Brady's seventh sheep. Billy was bemoaning his losses about the neighborhood, and among other places in Mr. O'Hasty's cottage, when all of a sudden he appeared to be greatly struck with the appearance of the aforesaid Mr. O'Hasty's son Dan's inexpressibles. "Dan was too lazy to earn the price of them"—that was gospel—and yet no person had given them to him for nothing—that was truer still. He questioned young lazy bones—the boy drawled in his reply. He pushed him home—he of the "buckskins" answered evasively. Suspicion was aroused, a constable sent for, and in a short time after Dan was answering to the charge before a magistrate. Even here however, nothing could be proved against him; but then no person could digest the idea of his having come honestly by the buckskins; and at last, being pressed hard, he confessed to the place where he had bought them. A messenger was dispatched, the shop-keeper attended, and a gentleman present identified the note, as one he had paid his butcher some days before. The butcher was next sent for, he swore he had given it to Dan that very morning for a sheep, the sheep was then produced, and of course, in very brief space after, the only solace left to poor Dan in this world, was a litter of straw in the village bridewell, and the pleasing anticipation of being speedily hanged.

So wore away the day and night, but the next morning when the surly keeper brought him in his breakfast he was snoring on the floor.

Up and eat you limb of the gallows, growled old Peter McCann.

He, in the litter was not altogether so hungry as on a former occasion, so he merely snorted in reply.

"Tis the worst of manners you've got of your own," continued Peter, advancing, and tapping smartly with his brogue at the sleeper's shins. In a moment Dan was on his feet—he looked wildly around—he thought of his situation—the halter hung visibly before him—at that instant a sudden idea flashed thro' his brain and lighted up his eye, Peter started back, but ere he could gain the yard, a well directed blow sent him heels over head into a corner of the dungeon, while the young criminal springing thro' the door, locked it after him, bounded over the wall, and set forth on his travels.

The pier of Cork was soon won—a Liverpool packet had just started—twelve feet were all that were between her and the beach—with one reckless bound he cleared them, and the next moment found himself sailing before the wind, at the rate of eight knots an hour, for safety and the sister kingdom.

In forty days he was in London, and here he discovered, what many a man has discovered before him, namely, that it is a very awkward thing to arrive in a strange town with an empty pocket.

The accursed buckskins were soon pledged, but deeming it might appear unmannerly, as well as uncomfortable to go perfectly *sans culotte*, he managed to get the sleeves of an old burly alderman's jockey, which served very well for a substitute.—The price of the inexpressibles was soon evaporated; so did all hopes of having any further occasion for his teeth, and at length he thought he was on the point of evaporating himself, (he was growing so confoundedly thin,) when one morning he had the good fortune to come across a recruiting sergeant of the 50th regiment. A bargain was soon struck and Dan became a soldier, and in south we must say that a lazier one never cost his majesty, or the nation a shilling a day. However, he would answer just as well to stop a ball as a better man, and for that very laudable purpose he was sent out along with his regiment to the "Isle of France."

'Twere long to dwell on all the accidents and incidents that befel him during the earlier part of his military career. Suffice it to say, he was ever esteemed the very stupidest blockhead in the regiment, and in accordance with his character, was incessantly suffering under some disgraceful punishment. To mend the matter he was always drunk, beastly drunk: and further, he often declared his intention of remaining so as long as he could, "by reason of a dream he had," the substance of which he was never known to reveal.

One night, while returning to the barracks, intoxicated as usual, he met a sergeant to whom he had an utter aversion, and knocked him down. Fearful of consequences, he was about to jump into a river, when suddenly he espied the Governor's mansion on fire. In a moment he lost all thought of suicide, and joined the throng that were bustling from all directions towards the Governor's. The conflagration was dreadful in the extreme, the firemen looked at each other apparently in a state of torpidity—a large reward was offered for the rescue of a certain iron box, but no person seemed willing to entrust himself within the arms of the flame: when suddenly a soldier, who much to the astonishment of all who knew him, turned out to be O'Hasty, rushed into the blazing mansion and immediately returned with the iron bound treasure in his arms.

From this moment he appeared to be governed by a new spirit, he again darted into the flame—others inspired by his example, followed—under his direction the floods from a thousand vessels were thrown right at the hottest heart of the sweeping element, and in short, the fire was soon completely mastered, and O'Hasty briefly after retired to his bed, nearly annihilated from the fatigues of the night.

The next morning, Dan, or his vampire (for some people could never be persuaded that it was his identical self) jumped from his bed with the lark, threw his old crony the rum bottle out of the window, and at the regular hour turned out on parade, as clean and as smart, as the most pains taking soldier in the regiment.

By and by came the governor, and soon recognised the guardian spirit of his iron chest. The Colonel was made acquainted with the circumstance, and Dan, in spite of his former bad character was promoted on the spot to the rank of color sergeant, besides receiving a very handsome present through the governor from the government, with a promises of future favors. The majority of those who knew him, were of opinion that Dan would soon fall away again into his old habits, but they were mistaken—from that day forward, he became a very pattern to the regiment for sobriety and good conduct.

About three months had elapsed since the night of the fire, when one morning an order was received from London, to send as many soldiers, as would volunteer for the service, to the coast of Madagascar, to see how the climate would agree with Europeans, and if possible, that some of them might remain in the household of the king, as his majesty had written to the British government a sincere wish, to that effect. A party was soon ready, and among them was our friend Dan, and after receiving long instructions as to their method of proceeding away they went. The climate proved fatal to the greater number of the adventurers, and in six weeks from the day they started, the remainder, with the exception of the sergeant, were on their return. He proceeded alone, and what was more extraordinary, in the enjoyment of excellent health, to the seat of government. Here he was received with all the pomp and magnificence of an eastern prince. The King at first sight took an extreme fancy to him—the sergeant was equally pleased with the manners of the King. He wrote to the Isle of France for permission to remain—this was received in due course with strong recommendations from the governor—the next day he was appointed generalissimo of all the Madagascar troops, a few weeks after saw him prime minister of the kingdom with a stipend equal to forty thousand pounds sterling a year, and a chance, should the King's only son die of succeeding to the honors of majesty itself. The English government sanctioned him in his run of good fortune, and acknowledged his rank to be equal to that of field marshal, and in less than twelve months after his first out set, when he visited the Isle of France on his masters' affairs he received a salute of three guns more than the governor of the island, himself was entitled to.

Hasty enjoyed his good fortune until about two years ago when advice was received by the British government of his death. This event was deeply deplored by the people of Madagascar, as he had abolished many tyrannical systems that they were before subjected too; neither had he forgot his friends in the "Sod"—a thing to which their present wealth bears sufficient testimony—even the butcher was paid for his sheep. Thus ends the history of Daniel Hasty, which in all its most material points is perfectly authentic.

NEW BOOKS.

Family Library, No. 37. J. & J. Harper.

This is the most valuable publication of the week, and we feel ourselves strongly inclined to say, one of the very best numbers of the excellent series of which it forms a part. The proper title of the volume is "A Guide to the observation of Nature," by Robert Mudie, Esq.; and the

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

Park Theatre.

The regular season, as it is termed, closed on Saturday, and a short irregular, or summer season, commenced on Monday Evening. We confess that when the thermometer is nearly 90.—there or thereabouts—the temptation to partake of recreations, "al fresco," is irresistible, and though some of our most sterling comedies have been presented at the Park, our observance of them has been so transient, that we are unable to go into detail. These plays have in many parts been extremely well acted, tho' the company has lost many of its most efficient members. In stating last week that our most excellent vocalist, Mr. Jones, retired into private life, we are much pleased to find we were in error; he has *only* retired from his old quarters at the Park, to which we heartily wish we may see him shortly return. If not engaged there, we hope still to hear him elsewhere, for good tenor singers are so rare, that we cannot easily forego the pleasure of listening to one so good as Mr. Jones. Mr. C. Parslow who is an excellent actor of that strange line of parts, "the Monkey, the Cat, the Nondescript, and the Policinello," commences an engagement at the Park this Evening.

One of our contemporaries was somewhat premature in announcing the finish of the Bowery's season, and that it had closed its doors except on one night, as announced, for the purpose of giving an efficient rehearsal of the melo-drama of Black Beard, which has been since produced with great effect. The scenery and decorations are admirable, and the style in which the whole has been acted and produced is extremely creditable to the management, and the Company. On Thursday the House presented a very lively appearance from the visit of the Providence Cadets, and their Hosts, the Tompkins' Blues.

COMMUNICATED.

RICHMOND HILL.—Mr. Hilson, Mr. F. Brown, Mrs. Duff and Mrs. Hilson are playing here to full houses—To speak of their performances at this season, would be almost superfluous, for, till the arrival of Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Duff was acknowledged to be the best tragic actress in America, and Mrs. Hilson in her line, yields precedence to none—Mr. Hilson's merits are well known, his Falstaff, Mast. Walter, Tyke, Numpo, Lingo, Jobson &c. are the best in the country. Mr. Brown is a clever performer, and with more study will doubtless make a fine actor—This establishment should continue to receive the support it so richly deserves. Y.

Signor Cioffi had a Concert on Monday evening at the Castle Garden, which afforded a high treat to the lovers of instrumental music. Mr. Kyle made his first attempt at a Solo performance on the Flute and acquitted himself with great credit. Mr. H. J. Trust gave a very splendid Solo on his harp, and Mr. Herwig another on the Clarionet, of much brilliancy and sweetness;—for tone, we know of no one equal to Mr. Herwig as a Clarionet Player.—Mr. V. Schmidt's "Retreat," on the Guitar, is one of the most wonderful as well as delightful performances we ever listened to. They who have not heard Mr. Schmidt can form but a faint notion of the powers of the Guitar in such skilful hands, and if they have not heard this one performance they can scarcely imagine what Mr. Schmidt himself is capable of. Signor Cioffi gave a Solo on the Trombone, of singular brilliance and execution, and the Concert finished with a Rondo on the Piano by Mr. Major. With such a collection of first rate artists, each striving to show his utmost excellence, it can well be imagined what a delightful Concert was produced.

On the Eastern side of Broadway last week, a pair of most mysterious looking Boots were seen sunning themselves,—suspended mid-air, like Avery's effigies at Newport. They were evidently water-proof Boots, for they bore evident proofs of *water*. Were they hung out there as new fashioned escutcheons to mark their owner's loss? Had he kicked the Boots when he kicked the Bucket? Conjecture was vain, so we left the riddle to be read by time,—and Time we rather think has solved it,—for some days after we received the following "rhyme and reason" for the dying leather, or at least we presume they bear some reference to each other,—and if not we place them now together as "something very mysterious."

AN ANCIENT FABLE,
WITH A MODERN INSTANCE.

Now Johnny and Willy were two little boys,
Very fond of the Water and Boats:
They vowed a squall nothing: that Rocks were a toy,
Things to play with:—and swore that they never annoy,
A body that swims well or floats.

And vain of his skill, at the helm Willy sate,
When a squall came, and turned the Boat o'er:
Then another squall came, and a squawl answered that
From *each* naughty boy, who looked like a drowned Rat,
As they both squawl'd for help from the shore.

It came!—and we trust that the little boys will
Next time see they are not well skilled:
And use, if they wish not to lie in the *deep* still,
And at a respectable distance to *keep* ill,
Boats as strong as a mason would build.

The salt water flows from their eyes and their clothes
As they're drawn from the sea like two fish.
But such are their eloquent looks when they prate
Of their fears, and their danger and dripping, relate,
That the *salt* water flows down *afresh*.

Stay on land, little boys, and you'll never be drowned.
Unless in big puddles you're stuck in
And Boats manned with boys, when one star-gazing lies,
Are likely to be, like a small Hat,—Cap-sized:
And July's no morgh to go Ducking.

TASTE IN FIGURE HEADS.

In some ships the sailors pride themselves on the beauty of their figure head; and many a time I have seen the captain of the forecastle employed for hours in painting the eyes hair and drapery of his favorite idol. I suppose few commanding officers will allow of this liberty; for it must be owned that as Jack's taste in female beauty, and in the disposition and colors of dress, are borrowed from a very questionable source, where the naked truth, as it is called, predominates sadly over the beau ideal, his labors in adorning the figure head are apt to produce such strange monsters * * * "You seem proud of your head, Mr. Clearpipe: I shall gild her for you!" In a few days the sparkling eyes and blushing cheeks of Mrs. Boatswain, like Diana, had yielded up their charms to the golden shower. The glittering figure head soon became the delight of the ship's company, and on one occasion furnished the captain with rather an odd means of calling out their energies. The ship was sailing in company with several others of the same class, and when they all came to reef topsails together, she was beat on the first occasion. As they were setting about a second trial of activity, the captain called out to the people aloft, "Now I tell you what it is, my lads, unless you are of the yards, and the sails are hoisted again before any other ship in the squadron, by the Lord Harry I'll paint your figure head black!" From that time forward she beat every ship in the fleet.—*Basil Hall.*

ROBERT DOANE'S EARLY HISTORY. COURTSHIP, &c. &c.

Bobby Doane, for he was better known by that appellation, was universally esteemed by all who enjoyed his acquaintance; and no wonder it was so, for as his father used to tell folks, he was an "amazing apt boy." At a very early age he evinced uncommon proof of what he afterwards got to be; and save by new and then one, he was acknowledged to be the *fastest* reader in his class. And Mistress Dolly Megs, who by the by was aunt to our hero, used to say of him, that "Bobby could *incline* more *verbs*, and *excite* more rules in the grammar, than *any* other schollard under her *tooition*.

Now Mister Peter Doane, was extremely anxious to see his son well provided for in this world, and notwithstanding he was impressed with a belief that Bobby's superior talents would be a sufficient passport to enable him to wind his way onward without much difficulty, he nevertheless bethought himself that *none* are so wise as to shun *every* obstacle in life. And too, he counted upon the competency with which his son would be surrounded on inheriting the old farm, besides some *thousands* at interest, as opening to him at once, a grand field for happiness, and, even if he were not half so witty and so learned as he certainly bade fair to be, his possessions would gain him friends, and make him highly respected by all around him. Such were the reflections of old Mister Peter Doane.

* * * * *

At fifteen, Bobby was considered well advanced in the line of *education*, and left off study: and mistress Dolly Megs, prided herself as having been his *only tootor*. He could read, write, cipher, and having been taught composition, indict an epistle, beginning however, invariably after the manner of the old rule—"I takes my pen in hand, &c."

* * * * * * *

Bobby now felt the necessity of turning his mind to something like business, and his father being desirous to see his son in prosperity, very soon yielded to him the entire management of his whole estate. Things flourished. Bobby saw it. But there was one thing lacking, and Bobby saw that also.—What was it? A wife! Ah, a wife!

The question now was, who should that happy damsel be? His circle of acquaintance was not extensive, especially among the ladies; and as this was a matter not to be decided without premeditation, our hero thought it best to refer it to the consideration of some one more experienced in *matchmaking* than himself. Accordingly, the subject was given over to his aunt Dolly, the school mistress, who promised to report in due time, the name of some one to whom she should be willing to see her much respected and esteemed nephew, *lawfully* wedded.

Now the faithful maiden lady, notwithstanding she had never known the *bliss* of matrimony herself, undertook the above mentioned duty with a *relish* seldom witnessed in persons but remotely interested; and after having advised with one or two others on the subject, she came to the conclusion that Miss Abigail Doutty, daughter of Capt. Abijah Doutty, Esq. was the *fittest* among *all* her acquaintances, to become the companion of her nephew; and beside, she knew that hitherto he had entertained for that young lady, *rather* friendly feelings. So thereupon, she made known to Bobby the sentiments of her heart.

The thing took well. The young man was delighted. But how was Miss Abagail to be informed of his intentions? If he went nigh the Captain's house, the *fellers* in the neighborhood would mistrust his purposes, and by the time 'twould do to pop the question, it would have become common talk. On this point, however, Bobby was not long in suspense. The reader need only be informed that Mistress Dolly soon open'd a way, and former difficulties were now *no obstacles*. Here we have a specimen of our hero's letter writing:

To Miss Abigail Doutty,

I *tak* my pen in hand to inform you that i am well and *hop* you is *enjoyin* the same blessings. I write this to kno your *feelins* in regard to *sharin me* for your Lawful husband and *shal* konsider it a favor if you will return an answer to this. Yours,

ROBT. DOANE.

P. S. *Excus* the writing.

The message was despatched with all possible haste by one of the hired domestics, and it reached its destination in excellent condition.

Now Miss Abigail had attended school in her childhood, though not under the *tooition* of Mistress Dolly; but her advantages for acquiring the more substantial rudiments of an English education, were not to be compared with those of her loving friend. True, she could read writing, but this was all. She was utterly ignorant of the art of penmanship.

However, by a careful perusal, she soon ascertained the *sentiments* contained in Bobby's epistle, and her heart beat high at the offer of one day being his lawfully wedded wife. But an answer was requested! How provoking! Poor Abigail now felt the burden of ignorance, weighing heavily upon her. She could not write a word and who was there to whom she was willing to entrust her secrets that could. But "necessity," said a certain moralist, "is the mother of invention," and what better proof of its truth than is shown in the example before us. It may be a question, nevertheless, whether Miss Abigail is entitled by right as the original discoverer; for history informs us that the ancient Egyptians wrote on tables of stone in hieroglyphics: and that by certain symbolic figures expressive of certain things, they were wont to record whatever they were desirous of handing down to posterity. Possible, then, that she from a knowledge of this fact, made a trial of the *art* to convey to her friends the *desired* answer. We must admit, however, that Miss Abigail experienced some little difficulty before she was able to decide what figure or sign was synonymous with the words which she was desirous of giving as her answer to Bobby's letter; still the business was disposed of in proper season. * * * * * * *

We will now pass by a number of *incidents* connected with our fair lady's preparations and final conclusions concerning the subject of her avowal, if so we may speak, and repair to old Mister Peter Doane's house, and imagine ourselves in a small attic room, with *one* eye and *both* ears to a crack in the floor, witnesses to the scenes below. Let us picture to ourselves also, Bobby and his aunt Dolly, the school mistres, (the former in tears and the latter wearing a most scornful visage) sitting in one corner, in close consultation—endeavoring to *define* what is deemed a mystery. On the table before them, lies a small package, the subject of their *queries*.

We will suppose now, that both have been in deep and solemn meditation for some minutes,—when suddenly the good maiden arrives at the probable meaning of what has hitherto so perplexed them. She utters: "Bobby, now there is no mystery in this *ere* business, *acter* all. Miss Abigail, has sent you them are things out of pure loving motives. Now, according as I understands grammar, that *are* sheep's winker, stands for nothing more nor less than the *personal* pronoun *I*, and this *ere* lock o' wool means, I suppose, for the *verb* will; that is to say, EYE WOOL—marry you." * * *

Now Miss Abigail Doutty had no thought of mischief,—still, her kind lover seeing the matter put in so "questionable a shape," had some cause, at least, for mortification; and the idea of having sheeps eyes cast at him and that too by one from whom he might have expected *tenderer* treatment, was insufferable. We see, however, in the end that Miss Dolly, the school mistress, understood more of hieroglyphics than the young man whom she had formerly had under her *tooition*.

To close a long story, Miss Abigail Doutty, at length became the "lawful" wife of Mr. Robt. Doane, formerly better known as Bobby; and at this time, to every appearance, they are enjoying all the comforts incident to human happiness; and their children, six or eight in number, bid fair to become *bright* ornaments to society.

In looking over the columns of a country newspaper, a day or two since, I learned that Robt. Doane, Esqr. was a candidate for an important public office. Old Mister Peter Doane, died very soon after the marriage of his son.

OREGON.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

The Dog.—A gentleman who occupied a farm in a remote district of Scotland, had a dog of the genuine colly or shepherd's breed, named Gashkan which signifies *a hero*, or *my hero*: this dog attached himself to one of the servants employed in the farm, who being married, was boarded out of the house; but times growing hard, and his master indulgent, William and Gashkan often got a good dinner in the farm house kitchen; the former by invitation, and the latter by permission. Thus, dinner being ready became a matter of consequence to Gashkan, and such was his observation, that he soon learnt to distinguish the signals of preparation. When it was near the time of summoning the servants together, a large pot of broth was set down on the hearth, and a long trivet table usually raised up to the wall to make room, was let down; then the dairy maid gave a loud call at the door, which was answered by the servants from the fields, and whilst they were on their way, she made every thing ready for their reception.

The men knew, by the shadows on the mountains, when the time drew near; and if one of them grew impatient, he would say, "Go, Gashkan, see if dinner be ready." Gashkan set off instantly.—If, on looking in at the door, he saw the pot on the hearth, and the table let down, he ran back with great alacrity, licked his lips, wagged his tail, and frisked about his master; but if he saw no preparation in the kitchen, he went slowly back, with his tail and ears drooping; and when asked if dinner was ready, slunk sheepishly behind his master. All this the servants understood, as well as if he had delivered a message.

The Cat.—"Some years ago, a family in Waterford were alarmed by an outer door belonging to their house being opened without any visible cause. At last, after many surmises, a cat was observed approaching the door, and striving to push it open; but, on finding it shut, she leaped up, put one paw on the handle of the latch, and with the other bent down the trigger till the latch was raised; then she let herself down, and pushed with her head against the door, till it was sufficiently open to admit her. The family to whom this cat belonged, saw her repeat the same feat several times."

The Viper.—"A viper-catcher, who had more than sixty living vipers in a chest, put a living mouse in among them. Now, it is well known, that these creatures never feed whilst in confinement, unless it be a female that is with young. One of the vipers in the chest, happened to be in this situation. None of the others paid any attention to the mouse, but she raised up her head and looked furiously at it. The terrified mouse stood still for a considerable time, though the viper continued rolled up in a spiral form, only raising up her head and looking at it, vibrating her tongue at the same time. The mouse at length took courage to move but without running away, only walking as if terrified, round and round the viper, squeaking frequently as it went; till at length it came before the head of its enemy, which was still in an erect posture, with the mouth open. The unfortunate mouse, after some time, drew nearer, and at last crept into the viper's mouth, where it was gradually swallowed, without obliging her to alter her position."

The Elephant.—The elephants form a necessary and important appendage to a Mahratta camp, and are attended with the greatest care and fed on the choicest food, even in times of scarcity, particularly when on hard service. Besides their vegetable diet, they are fed with rich balls, called *massaullas* composed of spices, sugar, butter, and other expensive ingredients, especially in a camp where every thing was extravagantly dear. This rich food was necessary both for the elephants and choice Arab horses, in a country every where laid waste and destroyed by the enemy, and affording but little provender. A scarcity of food, therefore, for man and beast, is no uncommon circumstance in warlike expeditions in India. But, however others might suffer from want of daily sustenance, there was an ample allowance for the favorite elephants of the Mahratta sovereign; yet they pined away, and grew emaciated, without any apparent cause. At length the keepers were suspected of defrauding them of their massaulla; as the delicacies in these balls composed likewise the most expensive and savoury parts of the pilaus, curries, and other dishes of the Moguls, and too costly for persons in their situation to purchase. The Master of the Elephants, who, like the Master of the Horse in Europe, is generally a man of rank, then appointed inspectors to see them fed, and the elephants regained their strength, and, for a time, appeared in good condition. But in a few months they fell off again, to the great astonishment of the inspectors, who daily saw them fed, frequently examined the massaulla, and found the ingredients of the best quality. At length the cheat was discovered, and shows the extraordinary influence the keepers had acquired over these docile animals. They taught them, in the inspectors' presence to receive the balls, and to put them into their mouths with their trunk, but to abstain from eating them: and these tractable creatures actually had that command over themselves, that they received this food, of which they were so remarkably fond, and placed it in their mouths, but never chewed it; and the balls remained untouched until the inspectors withdrew; they then took them out carefully with their trunks, and presented them to the keepers, accepting such a [illegible] only as they were pleased to allow them.

A GENTLE HINT.—An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "if I have not left the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was, the nephew had some time before stolen *one* from his relative.

Wilke's Queries.—"I wish you at the devil," said somebody to Wilkes.

"I don't wish you there."

"Why?"

"Because I never wish to meet you again."

Marriage Fees.—At Northwich, in the county of Cheshire, a whimsical privilege is ascribed, by the charter of that Church, to the senior scholar of the Grammar School—namely, that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk, or, in lieu thereof, the bride's garters.

Sir Philip Sidney used to say, that one of the old ballads of England, though repeated only by a poor blind beggar, shook his spirits more than the blast of a trumpet.

IRISH REPARTEE.—"There, leave the entrenchment and go tell your captain that you are the idlest rascal in the regiment."—Please your honor, you would not like to have me go with a lie in my mouth?"

Written for the Traveller and Times.

A POET'S REVERIE.
A SUNDAY ON THE HUDSON.

By Heavens! a glorious morn, yet am I still
Prone to my abject pallet;—brooding o'er
The chances, haply of a fancied ill
That feeds upon reflection—Fie no more
But mingle with the morning to explore
The wonders of creation—
Well I knew,
If lurk'd one canker in my spirit's core,
'Twould fade away like friendship fancy, dew,
With this eternal flood, and that fair heaven in view

Oh! Nature what a wond'rous thing art thou!
Herald, and type, of the Eternal still.
Hail Abba! Father! at thy shrine I bow,
To bless thee for my being, and the thrill
Of hope, ambition, love—what e'er I will
To name it, for 'tis one, and comes from thee,—
That gushes thro' my bosom in a rill,
Of rapture, speeding onwards to its sea,
For what are hope, pride, love!—streams of eternity.

'Tis now I feel me not a thing of TIME,—
The grossness of my thoughts has pass'd away,
That which must suffer for the primal crime,
Bears no part with my feeling:—death may prey
Upon the canker'd heart, no more his away
Extends to;—would his latest shaft were hurl'd,
When rising from its chamber of decay,
My soul with all its dormant thoughts unfurl'd
Left for a holier clime, this bleak, benighted, world.

Benighted! no it is a lovely globe,
Bounteous as summer, and as beauty fair.
Even fancy fails to deck with brighter robe
The load star of the spirit—might I share
A scene like that, glowing before me there
Eternally, and claim it as mine own,
My soul would cease to pant for change of sphere,
But there for ay, unknowing, and unknown
Revel in wild delight, free, happy and alone.

There's scarce a murmur from the south's soft breeze—
There's scarce an oar upon the silver sea—
And yet the leaves are dancing on the trees
And the glad waves are laughing in their glee;
What is it moves them?—Heavens soft minstrelsy
The hum of insect, and the wild bird's lay,
Or rather 'tis an inborn feeling free,
That bounds in all things of a summer day,
The rapture of the world, for winter past away.

This world's a living principle and feels
Its being—think you that a world like this
Whose every change an inborn soul reveals
Has no perception of its own great bliss?
That aught so full of life, and beauty is
Itself a pond'rous nothing,—mindless—dead?
If so methinks your creed is all amiss
For I believe the living world we tread,
Even as myself a thing, by hope, fear, passions, fed.

Lo! how it looks its gladness in the spring
And laughs in summer's fulness rife with mirth
When birds, and brooks, and flowers, and every thing
Proclaim the rapture of the living earth;
Again when sweeps the storm God's fury forth
Stripping its bosom of its summer bloom
'Tis not alone the piping winds give birth
To these drear sounds that rise as from the tomb,
Of the young buried flowers, mourning their early doom.

O, no, tis sorrowing natures self that sighs;
It is the earth that mourns her bloom's decay
But Spring's return will come, and flowers will rise
When Thou, and I, and all have past away
At least have changed the forms we bear to day
For when this frame's deserted by the soul
It shall not all be changed to senseless clay,
But form, while nature rules, or planets roll,
A living portion still of the eternal whole.

'Tis this that draws the exile's heart to home:
'Tis this dear feeling—that we feel it not—
That holds our spirit where so e'er we roam,
Firm to some first loved, consecrated spot,
Even where at length we wish to rest and rot.
And is it not a hope inspir'd by God,
When cold at length, and by the world forgot—
To form a portion of one's native clod,
With kindred hearts entwined, by kindred fobtsteps trod?

There is a little church yard by the wave
Of a fair river in an isle of woe;
A pensive schoolboy marked it for his grave,
And now an exile, wandering to and fro,
Still would not change, for every joy below,
The blissful hope of mouldering there at last.
Blow on ye surliest storms of fortune, blow,—
He little recks it, if his lot be cast
To rest by that clear stream, when all your frowns are past.

But hush! why linger on a selfish theme?
It recks but little if I'm blest or curst,
Who am in this world's greatness, as a dream
At best to wake, or be dissolv'd at worst.
'Tis done,—each every grosser thought's dispersed,
The tug for lucre, and the thirst for praise.
And now I'm free to glad me in the burst
Of morn that wraps all nature in a blaze,
And not alone be glad but worship as I gaze.

Look out into that ocean blushing now,
All paved with golden dimples:—farther still
See where the young sun laves his blushing brow
In floods of azure glory!—round the hill
The fleecy mists hang gathering like a frill.
And now up curling from the earth in scorn
They soar above their mountain homes, until
In heaven they hang, on gentlest zephyrs borne
To form a drapery meet for such a smiling morn.

Still onward, onward cleaves the lord of light
Bathing the ether with a golden dew.
There's not an object glittering in his sight
But seems to share his spirit's rapture too.
One mighty life pervades creation through
And a sweet murmur from the glancing wings
Of countless insects glorying in the view
Of such a morn, while every echo rings
To the lone sky lark's hymn, upsoaring as he sings.

There is a sound of gladness every where,
And a rich robe of glory all about:
And wild birds tune their rapture in the air,
And brooks, and torrents answer with a shout.
Bees, flowers, and mountains, mingle in the rout
With them, and nigh, and echo, soft or shrill:
While the great voice of nature rules throughout,
Forming in all—tho' wild as freedom still—
A melody beyond the reach of music's skill.

O! that I still were bless'd as now I'm blest:
Were still as buoyant, and as free to soar:
But soon the sun will take him to his rest,
And then to-morrow comes,—when I no more
May glory in his glow,—but tug, and bore,
Mid the hot city's whirl—and all for what?
Even that which dregs our nature to its core;
That makes a monarch of the wealthy sot,
But scar affords a crust to cheer the poor man's lot.

Then let my spirit triumph while it may,
Ere yet my fate has robb'd it of the power.
Wake heart, wake soul,—unclogg'd by your decay
And revel in the glory of this hour.
The storms of life, alas, too soon will lour,
Then why anticipate them?—no, boy—no!
All bliss is like the beauty of a flower,
As bright, as brief: then since it must be so
This hour I'll give to bliss, nor fear to-morrow's woe.

But lo! the day is lowering cold and dim,
How have I chimed my numbers, dong-ding-dong.
The red sun whispers from the ocean's brim,
That I've been singing to him all day long
And if the verse be weak, the thought was strong
It should have mirror'd;—for a holier flame
Never gave impulse to a child of song,
So should the world account them rude or tame,
The muse is faultless all—the bard is all to blame.

Now mid the dark'ning rocks I leave my lyre
A week of sorrow must roll on from this
Till next I wake an echo from its wire,
And feel the greatness of a poet's bliss,
Now my heart recls as from a precipice,
Gone is each charm that held its hopes in thrall
Before me yawns the future's black abyss
Gloomy as midnight round a murderer's pall
And now the curtain sinks—and now 'tis silence all

THE KING COMPELLED BY LAW TO BE A THIEF.

The following is from a London paper, and will prove better than any comments we can make, to what lengths the freedom of the press is carried in England.

A sailor, named Thompson, was fined ten shillings on Tuesday, by the Magistrates at the Thames Police Office, for breaking a plaster of paris figure of Napoleon Bonaparte, the property of Giuseppe, a poor Italian boy who gets his living by vending images. From the facts of the case, the punishment appeared very just, so far as Thompson was concerned, but to whom do you think, honest reader the ten shillings were given? You will, of course, say—to the poor Italian boy, to indemnify him for his loss. Alas! no—our laws will punish, but they redress no body's wrongs but the King's. The following from the Chronicle, will tell what became of the ten shillings, and at the same time illustrate that beautiful maxim of English law, which teaches that "*The King can do no wrong!*"

"The prisoner accordingly paid ten shillings, and the Italian applied for the money; but Mr. Symons, the Chief Clerk, said, that under the Wilful Damage Act it must go to the King. The owner having given evidence of the value and the damage, Mr. Ballantine said it had better be paid to the Italian, who could ill bear the loss; but Mr. Symons said the Act did not allow it, and the poor foreigner departed, without being recompensed, expressing great surprise at "de English law, and de English justice, which was great injustice, as he was made to lose his time as well as his figure."

On this transaction, we shall only remark, that if William Guelph is so dishonest as to pocket this poor boy's ten shillings, it will be the blackest injustice ever again to punish any of his subjects for larceny or fraud, so long as he fills the throne. We confess, however, we have our fears of his majesty's honesty on this occasion, seeing that that archimpostor, Chancellor Vaux, is by law the present "Keeper of his Majesty's Conscience." The latter has, God knows, enough to do to look after his own.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A six foot Vermonter lately entered a store on one of our principal wharves in search of employment. He could do any kind of chore, he said, and boasted much of his strength. "Stout as you are," said the clerk "I'll bet $10 you cannot carry that bag of salt (pointing to a very large one) twice across this store and never lay it down." The Yankee stood for a moment scratching his head and gazing at the rope with a hook at its end which dangled through the scuttle, and then accepted the wager. He shouldered the bag with the utmost ease, carried it twice backward and forward, and then hung it upon the hook aforesaid. "Mister," said he "I guess I'll trouble you for that are ten. I did not lay it down—I hung it up." The clerk much to his dissatisfaction, handed over the money, and the Vermonter left the store, saying, 'catch a weasel asleep! Not so bad a day's work. Better than chopping logs!

SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE—July 11.

85	shares U. S. Bank,		109
25	do Manhattan Bank,		126 1-2
100	do Mechanics' Bank,		119 3-4
100	do City Bank,		116 1-4
15	do North River Bank,		113
50	do Delaware & Hudson Canal,		123 3-4
50	do do do do		123
50	do do do do		124
	time and interest,		
130	do Greenwich Bank,		110 3-4
220	do New-Orleans City Bank		113
	time and interest.		
20	do do do do		112 1-2
5	do Commercial Insurance Co.		163
50	do Guardian Ins. Company,		102
100	Manhattan Gas Light Co.		105
50	do N. J. Transportation Line		106 1-2
25	do Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Co. time and interest,		135 1-2
100	do Mohawk Rail Road Co.		135 1-2
15	do do do		135 1-4
50	do do do		136
	time and interest		

Married,

On the morning of the 25th ult. by Rev. A. Perkins, Mr. George C. Germond, merchant of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Bridgwood, of Poughkeepsie.

On Friday, 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Pelton, Mr. John Joseph Lamontagne Charraud, to Miss Matilda L., daughter of Capt. Joshua Geer, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, July 4th, by the Rev. Dr. Mc Murray, Mr. Wm Mc Cartney, to Miss Margaret Earl, daughter of John Earl, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. F. Pringle, John Wilson, to Mary Cairns, both of Newark, N. J.

At Harlem Heights, on Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Bogart, Col. Aaron Burr to Miss Eliza Jumel.

At Burlington, N. J. on Wednesday evening 3d inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop Doane, Mr. Joseph Crosskey, to Miss Maria Teresa, daughter of the late John W. Macomb, Esqr.

At Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, July 3d, by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, at St. John's church, Joseph R. Chandler, Esq. editor of the United States Gazette, to Mrs. Maria H. daughter of Benjamin Jones, all of that city.

On the 4th inst. by Rev. Mr. Dubois, Mr. John Tenny, formerly of Hartford, Vt. to Miss Delia W. daughter of the late Mr. Jabez Dudley, of Philadelphia.

At Orange, N. J. on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Hillyer, Mr. Charles Alling, of Newark, to Miss Clarissa R. daughter of Jeptha Baldwin, Esq. of the former place.

At Norwalk, Conn. on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kemper, Mr. James A. Hoyt, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the late Stephen B. St. John, Esq. of the former place

Died,

On Sunday morning, Harriet daughter of Captain Josiah Ingersoll, in the 21st year of her age.

On Saturday morning, of a lingering illness, Mr. William Gamble, in the 17th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. of consumption, Mr. Christopher Hunter, in the 72d year of his age.

On Thursday morning, the 4th inst. Hollis Gordon, aged 32 years.

On Wednesday afternoon of consumption, Dennis Heeney, in the 25th year of his age.

At Staten Island, on the 4th inst. of consumption, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Isaac Jaques, Esq. formerly of this city, in the 48th year of her age.

At Patterson, N. J. on the 4th inst, Joseph Watson, of the late firm of Joseph Watson & Son, of this city.

In Hardwick, Vt. Rev. Solomon Aikin, formerly of Dracut.

In Washington, D. C. Geo. Mayo, Esq. late Chief Clerk in the Post Office Department, aged 56. Rev. Robert H. Chapman, D. D. aged 52. He attended the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in New York and had been to Philadelphia, to visit his relations, and was returning to his family in Tenessee.

In New Orleans, Rev. J. F. Hull, late Rector of Christ Church.

At Phillipstown, Putnam county, N. Y. on the 26th ult Moses Garrison, Esq. aged 68 years.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL SOIREE, at PEALE'S Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts, Broadway, opposite the City Hall.

The public are respectfully informed that a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music will be given at this establishment every evening during this week, precisely at 9 o'clock, by three eminent artists, lately arrived from France, viz. a young gentleman, Monsieur Schottmacher, 17 years of age, a pupil of the Conservatory at Paris, who performs on the Violin most exquisitely, accompanied by his two sisters on the Harp, being their first appearance in America.

PROGRAMME.

1st. Overture by Auber, executed by Mons. Schoumacher.
2d. Tryollenne by Auber, sung by Miss Schoumacher.
3d. Violin Solo Adagio, in imitation of the Flute, by Mons. S.
4th. Barcarole, by Miss S.
5th. Polonaise by Rode, by Miss S.
6th. Sonata for the Harp, by The Three.
7th. Vocal Trio, by The Three.
8th. Grand Aria, from the opera of Massaniello by Miss S.
9th. Song by Beutplan, by Miss S.
10th. Grand Aria, in imitation of Paganani, by Mons. S.
11th. Finale, Barber of Seville, by Mons. S.

Admittance to the Museum and Concert, 25 cents. july 13 2t

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1823—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention. Office No. 9 Mercer street. fi 22j

CASTLE GARDEN.—H. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most extensive places of the kind in this world; and he flatters himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and highly celebrated Band of Musical Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

Fire Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

Admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. 1j22

VAUXHALL GARDEN is open for the season.—This delightful place, truly the only legitimate Garden in the city, is now ready to receive company. The proprietor has considerably added to the beauty and cool shelter; the shades of the foliage is not equaled in the Union; a military band performs every evening; and on Sunday evenings will be performed, under the direction of Mr. PARKINSON, selections of Music, from the works of Handel, Haydon, Mozart, &c.

Season Tickets may be had at the Garden. Single tickets, for a Gentleman 2 dollars—for a Gentleman and four Ladies, or Children with their parents or servant, 5 dollars. m25

HAIR CUT.—"A LA DOURO."

JOSEPH BARBETTE most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of New York for the flattering encouragement he has received since his arrival from Europe.

Ever anxious to introduce improvements which have been adopted in his profession, he takes this method to announce one, the most recently received from London.

The "Marquis Douro" (son of the Duke of Wellington,) having gone to a celebrated hair cutter in London, suggested an alteration in the manner of cutting hair, of such a decided advantage over the old mode, that it has been universally adopted by the fashionable world, and dubbed the "la Douro."

J. B. having engaged a superior workman from the above London establishment, has been enabled through him, to introduce this beautiful mode, and respectfully invites the fashionable to call and give it a trial at his rooms, 146 Broadway, up stairs, corner of Liberty-street, next door to Webb's Congress Hall.

N. B. The "La Douro" Metallic Wigs" made to order.

☞ Hair Dressers who wish to adopt the "La Douro" fashion will be taught in two lessons, at five dollars per lesson.

WANTED, a Journeyman Hair Dresser. Apply as above. j22 6t

DR. DE GOURGUE'S PATENT SPECIFIC.

This medicine has been used with great success as thousands can testify. In all rheumatic affections whether acute or chronic, its decided superiority by affording almost immediate relief has been successfully tested. For the following complaints it will be found very efficacious, viz: Quinced sore throat, Hives in children, Pain in the back and Sciatica, Bruises and Sprains, Chapped hands, violent contusions, Fresh wounds, Burns and Scalds, Head and Tooth ache, Debility of the system. Prevents the eye from turning black if immediately applied; is excellent for washing the teeth and gums, &c. &c. The specific has been administered with surprising success, in cases of flatulency, pain in the stomach, bowels, dysentery, &c. The most inveterate Piles has been thoroughly cured by it. A few drops which in most cases proves fatal, yielded to the specific. The above medicine is held in such high estimation by many families that they are unwilling to be without it a moment.

Prepared and sold until further notice, ONLY at the south east corner of the Bowery and 8th street, 2d corner above Vauxhall Garden.

The extensive demand manifested for the genuine De Gourgue's Specific, has induced several to endeavor to deceive the public by persuading them to purchase a counterfeit medicine. No person except the proprietor in the city of New York is authorised to vend De Gourgue's Specific, and it can be obtained at no other place than the above, where it is prepared, and which may be known by the sign over the door. Each bottle is accompanied with printed directions, sealed with the initials D. G. on the cork, NONE OTHER IS GENUINE. Retail price 50 cents per bottle; wholesale $4 50 per dozen.

Directions—Shake the bottle and apply the Specific with friction to the affected parts. In fevers rub well the small of the back. For Hives in children apply it freely to the chest. For Convulsions by rubbing the back and stomach, its effects are almost instantaneous. For the Headache apply it to the back of the neck and soles of the feet. For chilblains or frosted feet, rub them twice a day, or oftener. From 20 drops to a tea-spoon full may be taken inwardly, mixed with water.

A selection of certificates from numerous respectable individuals is annexed, to give the public some idea of the value of the above medicine.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," and the most beneficial result has been the consequence. For the last twenty years I have been afflicted with the rheumatism, and suffered to that degree, that I never went without a cane or a strengthening plaster. By bathing with the Specific the pain is removed. I can walk without a cane, and have no occasion for a strengthening plaster; the great relief I have obtained, I attribute under providence to the Specific. It gives me great satisfaction, therefore, to recommend it to my fellow citizens.

[Signed] THOMAS CRUMDWELL, 369 Bowery

New York, 2d February, 1832.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," to my entire satisfaction, and I do not hesitate to give my unqualified approbation in favor of the same. By the use of less than one oz., in three weeks time, my hand, which was badly torn to pieces with the loss of one finger, by the accidental discharge of a gun, was completely healed. I have also known others to use it with like success.

[Signed] EDWARD CONLEY, Blackwell's Island.

New York, July 3, 1830.

I have been in the habit of using "De Gourgue's Specific" for several years, and do not hesitate to give it the highest recommendation, having used it most plentifully and always found the greatest benefit from it.

[Signed] JOSEPH GANOUNG, 59 Cannine street

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

A HANDSOME SUITE of unfurnished Apartments to let in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. m25 1m

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 109 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way dec8.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

HOWELL & CO, 40 Canal-street, near Broadway, New-York, Manufacturer of Paste and Liquid Blacking, of a superior quality, warranted not to injure the Leather, which they offer upon the most liberal terms.
☞ H. R. & Co., pledge themselves to give the utmost satisfaction, and should the article not prove as good as is warranted, the purchaser is at liberty to return and receive the cash for the same.
Also,—Black and Red Ink of the first quality, and furnished by the wholesale. j8

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholetale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an exposition of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, well adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samual B. Emmons.
"A Knowledge of grammer is the foundation of ou literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities of writing and speaking are only occasions for mental display their unfitness to write and to speak." or sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RAYNOR,
j8 tf 76 Bowery.

BOOKS & STATIONARY.—A general assortment of School Books, in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English. Also, Blank Books and Stationary, Juvenile and Toy Books, with the miscellaneous publications of the day, as they issue from the press, constantly for sale by.
j8 tf R. BARTLETT & RAYNOR, 76 Bowery.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SOUTHART,

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz —strictures, gleets, gonorrhæ, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of these diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his pratice those nauseous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhæa, etc.
Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education, and confines his practice to the treatment of this class of diseases
His office is at No. 2 Ann-street, near Broadway, second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 10 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.
☞ Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.
N. B. Persons at a distance by describing their case and enclosing a fee will have the remedy suited o their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be post paid. m29

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL,
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

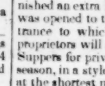
NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR streets, New York.

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive esiablishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalelled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits: and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

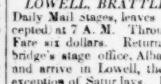


THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshmeifts he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.
LOWELL, WORCESTER,
HARTFORD & NEW YORK



Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in NewYork the 3rd day.—Returning, leaveWorcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock. P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock. M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 11 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER, FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.—To teach children to think and read about common things, and to illustrate for parents and teachers, methods of instructing and interesting children; with a copious introduction explaining fully the method of using the book. By Jacob Abbot, Principal of Mount Vernon School.
This day published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. Boston. 11

PAUL A. SABBATON, Proprietor of the Phœnix Foundry, corner of Rivington and Cannon streets, East River, continues making Steam Engines of all sizes, and invites persons wanting Engines to examine those of his make, of which there are from thirty to forty in operation, from four to forty horse power, in different parts of the United States including thirteen in this city.
Having an extensive assortment of wheel and other patterns, he is from experience enabled to estimate for machinery, and make contracts for the erection of Engines and Mill work of any description.
Besides those ordered, has on hand in a state of forwardness, 4 4, 6, 12, and 20 horse power, Engines, that can be finished at two or three weeks notice. Iron Castings and Wrought Iron work made to order.
For sale—two setts of brass Hollowave Patterns:—consisting of 10 sizes of Pots, and 40 Iron Flasks and Brass Cheeks and Slides: the patterns have been formed after the true Scotch shape, and the flasks of the most approved construction.
A new bar Comb Press. A 40 horse power Engin a little damaged by being used.

Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WHEELING.

Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris st. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will takeRecesde's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.

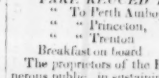
FARE REDUCED TO $2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick, 12 1-2
" " Princeton, 1 00
" " Trenton 1 50
Breakfast on board 37 1-2

The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyances, is always an advantage to the public.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.
Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best hotels.
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
j29 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.

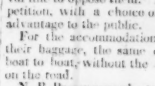
Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Mail Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.



The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. S. SAWYER & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB COKLES & SONS, 253 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES.
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.

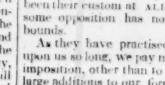


THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Sucksonny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta, for Milford.* On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford.* Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose, to Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca to Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Owego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Ohan Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Farragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are supposed to excel in comfort or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1832. Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.



FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March 2 N. B. MOSLEY, *Agent*

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening. Where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days:—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday "	7	Saturday "	9
Tuesday "	12	Thursday "	14
Saturday "	16	Tuesday "	19
Thursday "	21	Saturda "	23
Tuesday "	26	Thursday "	28
Saturday "	30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

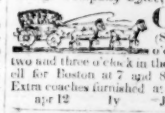
FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday "	14	Tuesday "	12
Tuesday "	19	Saturday "	16
Saturday "	23	Thursday "	21
Thursday "	28	Tuesday "	26
		Saturday "	30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earle, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

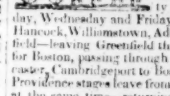
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M leave at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



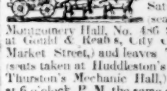
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agen*

PHŒNIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.



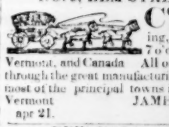
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Marchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M. J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



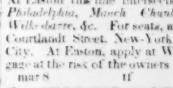
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reed's, City Coffee House, 536 North Market Street,) and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilder's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



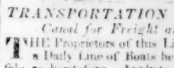
COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bedt-Hill, Morristown, Meadham, Chester, Schoden's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 72, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.



TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to K. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water st. New York; Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be punctual to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street.—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of se